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The Shape of Things

UNRRA ENDS ITS LIFE, ALAS, AT A TIME when the barest needs of human beings—food, clothing, medical supplies—are not being met in those countries where the war's devastation has been chiefly felt. Major General Lowell W. Rooks, UNRRA's retiring director general, was right in calling attention to the necessity of a global approach to "the global problem of world recovery." But he also pointed out that a special United Nations technical committee had estimated that $583,000,000 was required "just to meet the minimum subsistence imports for 1947 necessary to prevent collapse in the European countries hardest hit by the war." So far these funds do not appear to be forthcoming. The International Refugee Organization is ill-furnished even to discharge its task of caring for the 800,000 displaced persons still in Europe's camps. The International Children's Fund has to date only $560,000 in its treasury. The special relief appropriations for American aid to Europe are still stalled between House and Senate. Meanwhile, Greek school children have their lunches cut off—a life-saving 700 to 800 calories a day; seven out of eight Hungarian children have no shoes; in other countries the tuberculosis rate in children between 3 and 6 is rising ominously. The purpose of the Marshall plan was to get Europe off the relief list, to assist it in providing a base for the secure life of its people. But hungry people can't live off plans. Some of them should be brought to this country, as the Stratton bill proposes. For the rest, this wealthy nation must be prepared to hasten the work of the U. N. agencies already established and to carry the major share of the additional emergency relief activities needed to complete UNRRA's unfinished task.

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A NEW ACCOUNT OF AMERICA'S PHYSICAL contribution to a hungry world has just been rendered in the report of the Cabinet Committee on World Food Programs. In the past twelve months 18,433,000 long tons of grain and other foodstuffs were shipped abroad—the largest volume of food ever exported by one country in one year. This is truly a tremendous achievement, and a great tribute to the productivity of the American farmer. But as the report says: "There is no room for complacency in the general picture." The slow recovery of the war-devastated areas has been still further retarded by the terrible weather that struck Northern Europe last winter. For at least another year abnormally large shipments of food will be required, together with supplies of fertilizer and other aids to the restoration of European and Asiatic fields. With a record wheat crop now being harvested, the committee expresses hope that grain exports in the next twelve months may equal those of the past year. However, it points out that the total picture is clouded by uncertainties about the size of the corn crop, which has suffered serious damage in the Missouri and Mississippi floods. The probability of a short crop has sent corn prices soaring so that they are now nearly on a par with those of wheat. There is thus a danger that wheat needed for human sustenance abroad will be diverted to stock-feeding. The high price of meat encourages such diversion, and there are now no controls which the government can exercise to check it.

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FRANCO SHOWED ADMIRABLE RESTRAINT IN putting only at 80 percent the majority obtained for his Law of Succession in last Sunday's plebiscite. Everybody had expected that the official figure would run at least to 90 per cent. The plebiscite proved itself the farce that we had anticipated and denounced. With proverbial good humor, the Spaniards caricatured the plebiscite. One man says, "What does it mean if we vote 'yes' or 'no'?" The other answers, "If we vote 'yes,' it means we want Franco to stay on as dictator. If we vote 'no,' it means we do not want him to stop being dictator." The correspondents of the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* were in Bilbao on the day of the voting. They reported a heavy abstention in spite of the official threats of reprisals. If they had been able to observe the polling in other cities, their conclusion would have been more or less the same. The fascist regime will nevertheless exploit its "80 per cent majority" to try to convince the world that Spain has now fulfilled all the requisites that are needed to apply for membership in the United Nations. Señor Lequerita, the friend of Marshal Pétain and of Herr Ribbentrop and former Franco ambassador to Paris, is going to be dispatched to Washington on a special mission. We need hardly warn the delegates who come together in September for the General Assembly of the United Nations to be on the alert.

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THE RANCOROUS DEBATE IN THE SECURITY Council over the report of the Balkan Commission reached a climax last week when Sir Alexander Cadogan asserted that if the Council could not apply the proposal to create a frontier commission to patrol both sides of the Greek border and try to ease friction between Greece and its northern neighbors, then "we had better tear up the Charter and pack up." It was a sharp and exasperated retort to Mr. Gromyko's contention that such a border patrol would be an invasion of the sovereign rights of the nations concerned. On the general findings of the Balkan Commission one would expect a clear-cut divergence of views between the eastern and the western nations. But it seems to us that Russia did not need to give up its contention that the Greek war is primarily a civil war in order to accept the commission's one constructive recommendation. It could have insisted on a border commission of such outstanding impartiality that it would listen as attentively and act as energetically when Albania accuses Greece as when Greece accused Bulgaria. Unless Russia really intends to encourage border warfare, it would cost it nothing to support the commission's proposal. And the effect here would be astonishing.

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THE CONCERT OF NATIONS IS FULL OF SOUR notes these days, and even attempts at international duets are not very successful if one of the participants is a Russian. British husbands of Russian wives whom they married and left, pro tem, in the Soviet Union, sent a delegation to interview Molotov during his recent brief visit to Paris, the object being to persuade the Kremlin to let the ladies out. The results of this petition have not been divulged, but meanwhile a Canadian, one George Okulitch, formerly military attaché at the Canadian embassy in Moscow, has revealed the answer he received from Andrei Y. Vishinsky when he asked for an explanation of the refusal to let his Russian wife accompany him home to Canada. It runs as follows:

> We have no racial prejudice as to whom our women may marry. But it is up to us whether or not they leave the country. . . . The duty of a Russian woman is to produce Soviet children—not children for the Canadian government. . . . Most women who marry foreigners are of the wrong type to be examples of Russian womanhood. They try to exchange the hardship of building Russia for the ease of other countries. Women talk too much and thus they give the wrong impression of the Soviet Union.

We doubt whether any woman, if she talked for a week, could give a less favorable impression of the Soviet attitude toward children, women, capitalism and international cooperation than Mr. Vishinsky has done in half a dozen sentences. He assuredly talked too much.

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Rent and Politics

EGGED on by the real estate lobbies, blandly ignoring warnings that the terrible housing shortage rendered continued firm control of rents imperative, Congress sent HR 3203—the Housing and Rent Act of 1947—to the President on June 19. It was assumed that he would sign it, for Congress had in fact left him no alternative but to let rent control lapse completely on July 1. The Republican authors of the bill naively calculated that the President would thereby share full responsibility for a measure which they realized contained plenty of political dynamite. Consequently, when Mr. Truman added to his signature a message bitterly attacking the act, they were both shocked and hurt. Senator Buck of Delaware went so far as to deny the chief executive the right to criticize legislation he had signed—a strange new constitutional conception. He accused the President of "undermining" the law from motives of "pure politics."

We need not take this outburst of indignation too seriously; to the politician the other fellow's politics are always suspect. However, the anger of the G. O. P. Senators does seem to us revealing. Clearly, when they passed this bill, they were hoping to have their cake and eat it; they wanted to appease their real estate friends without stirring up the public too much and they hoped to gain both objectives by a measure which combined the shadow of control with the reality of decontrol. No wonder they were disturbed when Mr. Truman gave a lead to the voters.

Actually, no words from any authority were needed to spark public indignation. The act speaks for itself and the avidity with which landlords have seized upon it as a way to boost rents has been more than enough to create an uproar boding no good to a number of Congressmen. At best, the act offers tenants protection only to the end of 1948, when the housing shortage is likely to be hardly less acute than today, and then only to those willing and able to pay an immediate 15 per cent increase in rent. Hundreds of thousands of families living in hotels, tourist camps, and recently completed houses, are left entirely defenseless in the face of demands for rent increases of up to 100 per cent. The reaction could easily have been foreseen—spontaneous organization of tenants associations and loud demands for local remedial legislation.

While acting to make shelter dearer, Congress has also acted to make it scarcer. As Mr. Truman properly pointed out in his message, the act repeals almost all the emergency aids to housing provided by the Veterans Emergency Housing Act of 1946. It eliminates virtually all the controls designed to prevent diversion of labor and materials to non-essential building. Consequently, we can now expect more hot-dog stands, filling stations, and movie theaters, but few houses at prices veterans can afford. No doubt it will be argued that the act gives new incentives to speculative builders. What if they do concentrate on luxury homes and apartments? Won't those who move into them leave their present homes to people a rung lower on the economic ladder? And won't a succession of vacancies all down the line eventually make room for those at the bottom? It's a pretty theory but, according to a report by the New York Citizens Housing Council issued last weekend, only one of three families buying new homes leaves a dwelling unit which might become available to another family. Ergo, the theory, insofar as it works at all, works mighty slowly. The housing crisis is too desperate to be met by leisurely *laissez faire*. We need action immediately. The least Congress can do to atone for HR 3203 is to defy the real estate lobby and pass the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill before adjourning. It is a grossly inadequate measure but it takes a first step toward the only solution for the problem—public housing.

Lewis—Still Champ

EVERY aspect of the coal situation is loaded with mockery, with John L. Lewis as the principal mocker. As this is written, a settlement appears to be shaping up which, while probably averting a major strike or one of long duration, will provide the miners' leader with many a reminiscent laugh in the year to come.

Among the targets of his humor is, first, the general public, whose coal will cost from 70 to 75 cents more per ton under the reported terms of the contract now emerging from discussions with Northern operators.

Second, there are the Southern operators, who last week-end were in the pitiful and ludicrous state of being completely ignored. For the past three months they had been valiantly marching up the hill, with their banners of independence streaming and battle cries of unyielding sternness on their lips. When last heard from, they had marched down the hill again, having abandoned all weapons but a willing fountain pen. They were begging soulfully only for a chance to meet with the great man.

Third, there are the professional government-baiters, mostly in Congress, who have been complaining ever since 1941 of Administration sell-outs to Lewis, through War Labor Board awards or direct contracts. It turns out, however, that Lewis has won infinitely more concessions from those hard bargainers, the operators, than he ever did from the weak-kneed bureaucrats.

Fourth, there is the C. I. O., whose 1947 wage-increase formula, the 15 cents package, Lewis has more than doubled.

Finally, there are the framers and supporters of the

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Taft-Hartley Act. The contract now being worked over removes the U. M. W., for a year at least, from a large number of the law's requirements. The contract terms may be expected to serve as pattern language for many other strong unions.

If a coal settlement across the boards takes place in the next few days, as now seems likely, it will be a blow in particular to Representative Hartley, the tuppenny Taft. That frenetic little man had devised a veritable arsenal of weapons against Lewis, sometimes as many as two, mutually contradictory, in twelve hours. Labor peace on the basis of a contract arrived at through collective bargaining, without government interference, is enough to make him wonder whether anything is sacred any more.

Molotov Splits Europe

IT IS the irony—and the tragedy—of Molotov's Paris refusal that he has made inevitable the situation Russia most fears, the division of Europe into two parts. Moreover, he has made it inevitable that with American assistance Western Europe will now be organized into an economic whole. Worst of all, he has made it extremely likely that the recovery of Eastern Europe will be indefinitely retarded, that region now being cut off from the industrial resources of Western Europe and the additional help that will come from America.

We need not go too deeply into the grounds for the Soviet decision. American post-war policy up to and including the Truman Doctrine could be interpreted as fumbling efforts to mobilize the resources of the western democracies against Russia's western expansion. Soviet ideology makes the conflict between American capitalism and Soviet communism appear inevitable. Moreover, the rigidly controlled economic system of the Soviet Union —which has been projected into the neighboring territories to the east—may have suggested to Russia a similar plan of Western European organization which would hold only menace for a competing scheme of society. What was not taken into account is the fact that both England and France had already refused to accept the Marshall plan as an extension of the Truman Doctrine and that in the plans for a "Committee of Cooperation" which Bidault formulated there was no suggestion of a tight economic union that would menace the sovereign integrity of any nation. The sacrifice of national sovereignty demanded was far less than that called for by adherence to the Charter of the United Nations.

The course of European recovery which will now be followed will be subject to severe limitations. For Eastern Europe is rich in those resources needed by the west —agricultural products, coal, oil, electric power, lumber, fertilizers. Western Europe, heavily industrialized, is capable of supplying the manufactured articles, industrial equipment, and farm machinery that Eastern Europe desperately wants. The recovery of both sections is so interdependent that it is little short of a major catastrophe that the line drawn at Yalta has been now transformed into what appears to be an unsurmountable barrier.

The political consequences of this division—itself springing from political causes—are hard to estimate. The recovery of Western Europe will proceed, for it appears that the majority of Western European nations are prepared to come together this Saturday to work out a common plan. But there is no doubt that the non-Russian character of the cooperation is quite capable of being given an anti-Russian emphasis. The American Congress, for example, already indoctrinated with anti-Russian venom, will find it easier to grant substantial credits for Western Europe organized *against* the east. And if the Communists in the western nations attempt to sabotage the new program they will undoubtedly strengthen the hand of the right.

What may balance this tendency is the first set of European democracy against any revival of right-wing capitalism. This is true of England, France, Belgium and the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries, and Italy. In all these countries the remarkable recovery since the war—in some the industrial-production index is beyond that of 1939—has been carried out along the lines of semi-Socialist planning. In each of these countries the Socialist forces are a major political factor. In each of them the right is on the defensive.

The major consideration in Western Europe's acceptance of the Marshall plan has been an economic one. The post-war comeback, remarkable though it has been, has been seriously limited by deficits which can only be met by outside help. The slowness of the Ruhr's rehabilitation, added to England's coal crisis, has deprived Western Europe's industry of its major source of power. This has had to be augmented by American coal—which since the end of the war has been flowing in at the rate of 20,000,000 tons a year. The reequipment of Europe's industries must depend upon American imports. American food must feed Europe's mouths. But during the past few months the lack of American dollars has become acute, and in the words of a recent United Nations report, Europe is nearing "the brink of economic breakdown."

This threat of collapse was probably the major factor in bringing the Marshal plan into being. For American industry, dependent as it is upon foreign exports, would be shaken to its foundations by economic disaster in Europe. The drain upon American resources when the plan goes into effect will not be light. The two American government committees and the third one recently named by the President under the chairmanship of Secretary o

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Commerce W. Averell Harriman, will have no easy task mapping out the American end of the program and selling it to the American people.

The best that can be hoped from the Marshall plan is that Europe, put back on its feet economically, will cease to be torn between the polar attractions of two great world powers, the Soviet Union and the United States, and will develop stability of its own. It will, in fact, become a third bloc, providing a balance between the two giants. Its mixed economy and its political liberalism will be a compromise between the capitalism of North America and the totalitarian socialism of Russia. But what is important is that, even at this stage, the door of Western Europe be left open toward the east. After the heat of the present crisis passes, it may well be that a number of the eastern countries will want to resume the economic relations with the west that have already been begun. The suggestion in Bidault's statement last week that "the plan be submitted to the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe" and that "The 'Committee of Cooperation' and subcommittees shall keep in close contact with the secretariat of the Economic Commission for Europe" should be included in the final decisions reached after the present Paris meeting. For our hope is that the political considerations which last week blocked an all-Europe scheme of cooperation may in due course be superseded by the economic logic that operates against the permanent division of Europe into two airtight parts.

A New Weapon for Witch-Hunters

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, July 3

THERE were moments during the trial of Carl Aldo Marzani when one imagined oneself back in pre-revolutionary Russia. In the prisoner's dock was a young man of poor family. He had made a brilliant scholastic career, won a scholarship abroad, settled on his return in a working-class neighborhood, and been drawn into the radical movement. The testimony of a police spy and agent provocateur was now sending him to jail. The old czarist files must contain many such cases. The files of the American government will contain many more if Marzani's conviction is upheld on appeal. For this trial, which the prosecution frankly labeled a test case, threatens to establish a precedent by which many past and present government employees may be sent to jail. Ostensibly they will be punished for having made misstatements in qualifying for government employment, as Al Capone was sent to prison for making a mistake in his income tax. Actually they will have come up against a new device to prosecute for opinion.

The Marzani case must be seen against the background of the anti-red hysteria which is driving intellectuals of all sorts out of the government, and beginning to give social life in Washington the jitters. Much of the Congressional snarling about reds has focused, oddly enough, on a department—State—which has always had fewer radicals and liberals than any other branch of the government except War and Navy. The atmosphere developed has made life in the State Department exasperatingly difficult, not only for a scattered few New Dealers, but even for enlightened conservatives like Dean Acheson and Will Clayton. "I guess," one State Department official out of Wall Street said despondently when I spoke with him the other day, "they"—meaning Congress—"just suspect anybody who's been abroad." A dishonorable factor is the undercover alliance between Congressional witch-hunters and certain men in the old branches of the department hostile to new blood brought in when State absorbed various formerly independent agencies dealing with economics, information, and intelligence.

An additional factor in the demoralization and panic spreading in the department's rank and file is a campaign from sources outside Congress to equate resistance to reactionary foreign policies with disloyalty to the United States. This was already apparent in some of the attacks on Spruille Braden's opposition to Perón. It is strikingly evident in John Chamberlain's letter to the new Under Secretary, Robert Lovett, in the June 30 issue of *Life*. Chamberlain spins a web of doubt around those in the department who are opposed to the Kuomintang. If allegiance to the United States is to be identified with allegiance to Chiang Kai-shek, it is easier to understand the panicky manner in which the department last week dismissed ten employees on what might be described not too unfairly as suspicion of suspicious association with suspect characters. They were not only dismissed without a hearing but without a statement of charges against them and without notice to their superiors. Under the McCarran rider to its war-time appropriations act the department may dismiss employees in just such an arbitrary manner when it believes there are security reasons. But those who remember the department's readiness to make

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similar sinister but later disproved charges in the "Case of the Six" two years ago will not have too much confidence in Secretary Marshall's vague allegations of "indirectly keeping company" with foreign powers. At least in this case the names have been withheld from the press. The ten dismissed, like Marzani, were from the newer branches of the department. If Congressional uproar forces publication of their names, some may meet Marzani's fate.

Marzani is Italian born, the son of a minor anti-Fascist official who came to this country in the early '20's and settled near Scranton, Pennsylvania. Marzani worked his way through school and went to Williams, where he was editor of the college literary paper and won a Rhodes scholarship. He had a year at Oxford, visited Loyalist Spain—a damning fact in Washington today—and returned in 1939. He and his wife settled on the East Side, and he taught economics for a while at New York University. He did not come to public attention until last fall.

Marzani, to put it mildly, hardly fitted into the State Department. His own opinions—opinions he did not hide—were pretty much those of a fellow-traveler. He was uncomfortable in the department, to which he had been transferred with the remains of the Office of Strategic Services. Efforts were made to get him fired immediately on his transfer there in the spring of 1946. Marzani wanted to resign but was urged by his superiors to stay on. He began to organize a business to make films for labor unions and took a leave of absence last summer to do a film, "Deadline for Action," for the United Electrical Workers. General Electric and other firms bought prints to show at private meetings as a horrid example of red propaganda. The film was attacked in the New York *World-Telegram* as "communistic." The heat was on. Marzani resigned from the State Department in November after being assured that he was not resigning under fire. But a month later the department informed him that he had been discharged, and in January he was indicted. He has been sentenced to from one to three years in jail and denied bond pending appeal.

The indictment was framed in terms calculated to make the hair bristle on the heads of Southern Congressmen, and reflect credit on the sleuths of the State Department. Marzani was accused of falsely denying that in 1940 and 1941 he did "counsel and instruct Communist Party members to sow resentment and discontent among Negroes by agitating the question of racial discrimination. . . ." It was charged that he did "instruct divers Party members concerning a plan, policy, and program . . . for . . . disintegration of the morale of the Military Forces of the United States . . . to the end that the Communist Party might gain control thereof and thus bring about a revolt against the Capitalist System. . . ." It was charged that he did "urge Communist Party members to protest to their Congressmen against the passage of an anti-strike bill." The nature of the indictment—not for Communist activities but for false statement to government investigators—made possible rulings which fatally handicapped the defense when Marzani came to trial. The prosecution could lug in an inflammatory matter of this kind to show how Marzani served the Communists, but the defense was limited to character witnesses and Marzani's denials.

Marzani's defense never really got into the record. The jury was told that in 1940 and the first half of 1941 Marzani operated on the East Side of New York as a branch organizer and section educational director for the Communist Party under the name of Tony Whales. During the last half of 1941 and the early part of 1942 Marzani, under his own name, was active in the same area as executive secretary of the East Side Conference to Defend America. Thus many people must have seen and heard him in both capacities, and one wonders how he could have been cleared for government employment in 1942 if he had been openly active as a Communist official under such circumstances. The transcripts of Marzani's questioning in 1942 and 1943 by the FBI and the Civil Service Commission show that the government knew of the Tony Whales charge. Marzani admitted then that he had once circulated a Browder petition but denied having been a member of the Communist Party under the name of Whales or any other. The upshot of the rather extended investigations and hearings at that time was his clearance for government employment. He went into the OSS, first as a civilian, then with military status as deputy chief of the branch which prepared complex data for quick presentation to the General Staff. He went to the State Department when it absorbed the OSS. Marzani's war record, highly commended by his superiors, was not challenged.

The key witness against Marzani and the only one who testified to the highly improbable speeches which formed the basis for the more horrendous sections of the indictment was a New York City policeman, Archer S. Drew, who was assigned to spy on radical activities on the East Side. Drew's testimony showed that he also acted as an agent provocateur. He is a Negro, and one of the organizations he was to watch was the National Negro Congress. When he found no branch in existence on the East Side he proceeded to form one and to recruit Negroes for it. Drew's reports were the source of the Whales story, and these were available to other government investigating agencies at the time. One is forced to assume that the FBI and the Civil Service Commission did not put much stock in those reports or Marzani would never have been cleared in 1943. But Marzani was unable to subpoena the records of these agencies, and the judge, Raymond B. Keech, kept the question of the past inquiries out of the trial.

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Judge Keech also barred evidence which seems to indicate that even the New York City police in September, 1941, did not credit Drew's identification of Marzani with Whales. At that time Drew's reports were available in the Police Department. Marzani had just been made executive secretary of the East Side Conference to Defend America. The organization was investigated by Inspector O'Brien, and he told the chairman, Meyer Goldberg, then a Republican member of the City Council, that he had information showing Marzani was a Communist. Goldberg, now a member of Dewey's state Labor Mediation Board, came to Washington prepared to testify that he went with Marzani to O'Brien's office. The Inspector withdrew his accusation and apologized after talking with Marzani. In February, 1942, O'Brien voted to elect Marzani executive secretary of the Office of Civilian Defense on the East Side. Judge Keech refused to let Goldberg testify, and shut Marzani off with a rebuke when he tried to get the O'Brien incident into the record.

Drew could not have been produced as a witness at the Civil Service Commission hearing given Marzani in April, 1943, because that would have ended his usefulness as a spy. But later that year Drew was exposed and expelled from the Communist Party as a police spy, and if the government believed his Whales story it should then have tried Marzani for perjury. That it did not do so but on the contrary retained him in a confidential post leads one to believe that checks by other investigating agencies had failed to support the identification with Whales.

Here we come to the crucial point in the Marzani case. Under the statute of limitations the government last winter was no longer able to prosecute Marzani for perjury. It got around this by using an act passed by Congress in 1944 to extend the statute of limitations until three years after the termination of hostilities in the case of fraudulent war-contract claims. If the Marzani conviction is upheld on appeal, the government can use this same statute to send other liberals or radicals among its present or past employees to jail. As in the Marzani case, it need not prove attempt to defraud or misconduct in government employment. It need only show misstatement in the original interrogations under oath to which all government employees are subject. And if, as in the Marzani case, a jury can be persuaded to believe what the Civil Service Commission disbelieved, the unlucky government employee faces penalties of up to ten years in jail and a $10,000 fine for each misstatement. That's what hysteria is for.

Faces of Spain

BY KAY BOYLE

Madrid, June 2

THIS spring the foodstuffs in the markets of Spain, even in the poorest quarters of the cities, are as lavish in color, quantity, and quality as they were six years ago. And, just as six years ago, the brilliance and affluence of the Spanish markets shock the traveler who crosses the frontier from France. The ancient, unappetizing carrots, the yellow, undersized cauliflower, and the molding potatoes of the Paris markets would be looked upon as refuse in the markets of Madrid. Tomatoes, oranges, bananas, lemons—all scarce to the point of non-existence in Paris—are piled high on stall after loaded stall. Parisian housewives, accustomed to standing in line to procure one or two "steaks" of fish once or twice in the week, would reel before the fish counters of Spain gleaming with sea-food of every variety, including the standard fare of shrimp and octopus. Stalls hung with chickens and richly stocked with hams, goat-milk cheese, and cream cheeses alternate with the endless, profligate display of bananas and oranges, bananas and oranges, for a mere handful of which French mothers would stampede. But there is a nightmarish quality of illusory plenty about these great popular markets, for it is a phantom population which moves between the counters. Few middle-class families, and even fewer working-class families, can afford the prices they are asked to pay.

KAY BOYLE, the well-known novelist and short-story writer, sends The Nation *frequent accounts of significant events that have come under her eye in Europe.*

There are two distinct and separate faces to the country, and the instant one sets foot on Spanish soil one makes the choice deliberately as to which face one selects to see. There are, for instance, two San Sebastians, both on the same site, just beyond Irun, across the frontier. One is a bright little casino town, a flourishing little seacoast town, complete with resort beaches and a fishing fleet. The other San Sebastian is a Spanish border town where the police are particularly active, and whose prison holds many men of the surrounding countryside accused of serving as guides to shepherd fugitive Republicans across the frontier. Miranda, on the railway line to Madrid, is not only the station where the Irun-Madrid

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express stops for thirty-five minutes so that the passengers may stretch their legs and dine on ink fish in the buffet. It is also the town in which one of the worst prison camps in Spain is situated, a place of such foul repute that this story is currently told of it. Six months ago a group of foreign newspaper correspondents asked the Spanish authorities for permission to visit the Miranda prison camp. The permission was granted but only after a fortnight's delay, about which the reporters drew their own conclusions. They had been informed through underground sources that the sanitary conditions of the camp were indescribable and that owing to overcrowding and malnutrition the death rate was as high as three to five a day. The suspicion that the Spanish authorities had utilized that two-week period to remove some of the prisoners and to clean up the camp was strengthened when an official committee made its appearance in a fleet of cars, drove the newspapermen to Miranda, wined and dined them in the best Spanish style, and then proceeded with them to the tour of the camp. The conditions which the correspondents found there, however, were far worse than anything they had anticipated, and one of them said as much to the official interpreter. "Tell the gentlemen," the smiling spokesman of the committee replied, "that he should be grateful we did not permit him to come here two weeks ago."

Those who do not care for the face of misery will point with pride to a building under construction on the Calle de Serrano in Madrid. It is cool and streamlined, being fashioned of pure white and pearl gray stone. It occupies better than two city blocks, and it will house the Air, Army, and other Ministries when it is done. But just behind it is an open lot, and anyone may call upon the people who have fashioned tunnels and caves of habitation in the hard-baked soil. Twenty to thirty families, neither gipsies nor outcasts but working people who could not find living quarters, have dug themselves homes in the white sun-baked earth and settled permanently there.

I was taken to visit one of these families by a friend who had served in the Republican army with the father. The father is a carpenter's helper, a man in his early forties, who shook hands with us when we met on the beaten-down path which winds between the arched, dark human-rabbit holes. He wore a ragged, striped shirt, blue cotton trousers, and a threadbare tweed cap on the side of his head. He had a soft, quick smile, and he accepted a cigarette with pleasure. As he talked to us, the curious heads of neighbors appeared in the openings of the other caves. He said that after finishing a four-year prison term at the political prison of Alcalá de Henares he had been unable to find living quarters for his family, so he had dug the two-room cave for them. He and his wife, with their children, and his mother-in-law, had been living for three years there.

The descent into the cave is not easy, as one must enter in a crouching position, at the same time keeping one's balance on the two blocks of wood, one atop the other, which serve as steps. Inside, the sunlight vanished as if a curtain had been drawn, and it took a moment for the sight to grow accustomed to the dark. Then you saw the shelf chiseled smoothly in the earthen wall on which stood the eating and cooking implements, the small charcoal stove, the broken crockery. There was no furniture, no sign of fuel or food, merely a pile of rags folded over on the floor. "That's my bed," said the mother-in-law from where she sat in the sunlight at the entrance. The room that had been hollowed off from this was even smaller, and the darkness in it even more profound, so that with the first step you took you nearly trod upon the human being who lay sleeping under the man's ancient and tattered jacket. It was a child of two or three, and after a little, you could see its sparse, light hair and the side of its face, the cheek as white as wax.

The father said he had been doing well as a carpenter before the war, and when he spoke of the war he was not referring to what took place bewteen 1939 and 1945, but to that other war—the prelude to the final conflict—which had split Spain wide apart. But since the war and since his prison term he had been able to get work only intermittently as a carpenter's helper, at the rate of ten pesetas a day. His wife was off, as usual, washing clothes in the residential quarter of Colonia del Viso, where her daily pay averaged around seven pesetas. (At the legal tourist exchange, this means the family could count on an income of about a dollar a day.)

We were standing in the sunlight before the opening of the cave again, and the father smiled politely as he refused a second cigarette. "It is better not to get used to smoking," he said. Three times a month, when he receives his two packages of cigarettes, for which he pays four pesetas, he sells them on the black market for eight. He had also sold the family's ration cards, he told us, as a family with their income could not afford to buy such luxury items as bread, soap, oil, sugar, and meat. But even with this extra money to buy a pound of Spanish beans twice a week on the black market, the children do not get enough to eat. The two who sat playing in the dust had the bloated bellies and the thin, warped legs of the famished. "During the March floods," he said as if in apology, "the cave was three inches deep with water, and the little one you saw asleep inside has had cold in the lungs since then. If I could get some bricks, I could lay a floor. . . ." He said there were perhaps 40,000 families living as they were, in caves, some with less money than they had, and he—carrying the child still—and the mother-in-law walked with us down to the street.

"My daughter wasn't used to living like this before

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she got married," she said. We stood across from the uncompleted government buildings which would eventually house the various ministries. "Before the war we had a nice house in the country. My husband was alive then—and I'm glad he didn't live long enough to see this reign of terror in Spain! We had sheep," she said. "Things were comfortable, the way they are in other countries. I used to spin the wool into cloth, and my husband worked in his vineyard. We had furniture, pans to cook with, beds, chairs," she said. "My daughter was used to everything." Standing beside her with the child in his arms, her son-in-law gave his quick, pained smile. "We had a country!" she cried out. "We used to have a country then!" She threw her head back, and the knot of gray hair trembled on it as she spit toward the unfinished buildings that would house the ministries of Franco's Spain.

There are others who speak to you of construction, and who will show you the evidences of what is being done: a large, unfinished apartment building off the road called General Ricardos is pointed out as a Franco housing project. I was driven past it in a taxi with Madrid acquaintances, one a Spanish lady who represents the Quaker relief work there. It did not seem that much work were being done on the place, and the Spanish lady explained that "Spanish workingmen never like to work much between the hours of two and five." But as I ate the standard lunch of white beans one day with a carpenter and his family in the Cuatro Caminos quarter (his lunch hour being from one to two), I asked him about the Franco housing project. "Oh, that, down off General Ricardos? They abandoned it four years ago," he said. It was true that it had been a part of the Franco rehabilitation program, only other things had come in between. "First," said my friend, "they were short of building materials, so they had to make a choice. The choice lay between finishing the working-class families' flats, which they had already begun, or building new apartment houses in the residential districts, or a new bull ring or two. Obviously, there wasn't enough material to do all three. So a public statement was made by the Minister of Public Welfare. He explained that if they built fancy apartment houses on the big avenues first, high rents would start rolling in and that this would be excellent for the general economy. Or if they made at least one more bull ring, which would be packed with spectators every Sunday and Thursday afternoon, this too would put more money in circulation, and the country would be in a better position to continue work on the working-class families' flats."

Everybody at the table laughed. "And there is another explanation as to why the workers' houses were finally abandoned," my friend said. "You might like this one better, so I'll tell it to you too. To qualify for accommodations in a Franco project, you have to be very well recommended," he said. "First of all, you have to furnish proof that you never carried arms against Franco, and, secondly, that you never participated actively or passively in any political movement which opposes the present regime. And, lastly, you must present a written document from your priest attesting to the fact that you attend mass every morning—or that at least your wife does." My friend paused for a moment while the family laughed again, and then he went on saying: "So once the apartment building off General Ricardos was well under way, Franco woke up in a good humor one morning, and he asked to see the list of names of the families who had applied for living quarters there. 'But no one has put in an application yet, Your Excellency,' said his aide-de-camp. 'We have been informed that the requirements are too rigid.' 'But surely workingmen still go to mass?' Franco cried out, and the aide-de-camp answered, 'I am told their wives do, Your Excellency.' 'And surely the priests will attest to that fact?' Franco cried out again. 'Indeed, the priests have expressed themselves as willing to assist in any way they can,' replied the aide-de-camp. 'But, Your Excellency, what is needed in Spain is not places to house the lower class, but an entirely new lower class. It's the first requirement they can't meet. There isn't a workingman to be found who hasn't borne arms against Your Excellency's regime.' "

I discovered ten days ago that the finest Grecos are no longer to be seen at Toledo or in the Prado. On that same road named General Ricardos, in the ruins of the Fabrica de Resilla, which was totally destroyed during the Spanish war in the bombardment of Madrid, there is a Greco which can just be distinguished in the nearly impenetrable dark of one crypt of the blasted cellars. This Greco is not artificially illuminated as is the "Entierro del Conde de Orgaz" at Toledo, and when you first step in out of the Spanish sunlight, you smell the damp, and the odor of human excrement, but for a moment you cannot make out the figures in the obscurity. And then, as the darkness ebbs, you perceive the pallid, attenuated face, and the anguished eyes, like the eyes of the Apostles, are turned in eloquence upon you no matter in what part of the room you stand. This is the principal figure. He is stretched on a pallet with a grayish cover flung across his body, and the elongated thigh bones, the points of the sharp, slightly elevated knees, and the fleshless feet are clearly discernible beneath its folds, as if the artist had sketched in the framework of the skeleton, bone by bone, before flinging the cover across the emaciated form. Above the high, pale forehead the hair falls black and silky, and the cheekbones are high; the throat is corrugated like a windpipe, and the yellowish hands are folded on the wood-like slats of the breast.

At the foot of the pallet, her hair parted in the middle,

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stands the figure of a woman, the angular folds of her dress done in that thin, faded red which El Greco alone, either through faulty preparation of his canvas or through choice, seems to have made use of. Only after searching the shadows can you distinguish the four small children, dark-eyed, and with pointed chins, who stand partially hidden in the woman's skirts. That is the complete picture, conceived in cold and terrible compassion, and framed with a broad band of dark. But an added attraction of this Greco is that the figures in it are endowed with speech.

"I am not asking for anything," the reclining figure said, the voice hardly louder than a whisper. "I am not asking help of anyone. I am not complaining." As he spoke, the shape of his upper teeth could be seen outlined through his fleshless, shrunken lip. "'I am forty years old. I have lived my life," he said. "I am here with my wife and children. I have nothing to complain of." His eyes were filled with fear of what menace strangers might bring. "I cannot talk because it may start me bleeding again," he said, and then his breath was gone, and he did not say any more.

"For a little while he was in a sanitarium," the woman said, speaking in the darkness. "But they have no room to keep them. For five years he's been lying here like this, since four years no doctor has come near him! You've come for the death!" she cried out, and the eyes of the ill man were turned to her in grievous accusation. Her arms and hands had gone around the children's shoulders, and she held them hard against her skirts as she began to cry. "I don't cry all the time, I haven't cried for a long time," she said. "It's just when people like you come here that I think there's maybe something somebody can do—"

There were cakes at tea that day, and the talk across the handsome table, on which the ancestral silver shone, was of Spanish painting. The women's delicately tinted faces and their gentle voices lingered above the cups in which the slices of lemon floated in the fragrant tea. "It is El Greco's love for Veronica which moves me more than any other story," said the lady beside me; for they have not yet perceived that in Spain the shrines of faith and beauty have lost their profound significance and are refuge and equivocation. The diplomat's wife, with a mauve veil masking her eyes, leaned across the lace-spread, burdened table and spoke softly to me.

"When you return to Paris," she said, "do tell people how foolish it is to keep the Spanish-French frontier closed, the way the French are doing. It is so cruel that little French children should want for things when here our little Spanish children have all the oranges and bananas and fresh produce they can eat. You've seen our markets, haven't you?"

Troubled Times in India

BY SHIVA RAO

New Delhi, June 29

BOTH the Congress Party and the Moslem League having accepted the principle of the division of the country, votes have been taken to ascertain the wishes of the people of Bengal, Punjab, and Sind through their respective provincial legislatures. The results have been entirely in accordance with expectations. Western Bengal, including Calcutta, with its decisive Hindu majority chose to remain with Hindustan, while eastern Bengal with its Moslem majority wanted to join Pakistan. Similarly, eastern Punjab voted for Hindustan and western Punjab for Pakistan. Sind, because of its Moslem majority, was bound to choose Pakistan—in fact, its capital, Karachi, will develop into Pakistan's federal capital.

As the president of the Congress Party observed, the partition of Bengal and the Punjab was an inevitable consequence of the decision to divide the country. Hindus and Sikhs can console themselves with the thought that they have saved substantial portions of these provinces from absorption into Pakistan. Referendums to be held this week and next will decide the allegiance of British Baluchistan, the Northwest Frontier Province, and the Sylhet district in Assam.

The virile Pathan race, which forms the overwhelming majority in the Frontier Province, is faced with an embarrassing situation. The question to be voted on—which one of India's two constituent assemblies to join—could conceivably be decided by the electorate in favor of either side. Unfortunately, adherents of the Moslem League have for months past been carrying on a campaign of murder and violence which the Congress Party has been powerless to check with the inadequate resources at its disposal and the divided loyalties of many of its officials. Congress leaders have therefore decided to boycott the referendum, partly because of its unduly

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limited scope, but mainly through fear of large-scale clashes between rival groups of Pathans.

What would the Pathans do if given an absolutely free vote? It must be remembered that the Northwest Frontier Province, Waziristan beyond the border (the home of several virile tribes), and Afghanistan form really a single region; the people are held together by strong ties of language, religion, and culture. Neither the British annexation of the Frontier Province nor the difficulties of communication due to the mountainous terrain has ever severed these racial links. Thus, the Pathans, had they an unfettered choice, would probably vote for an independent state of Pathanistan.

The Sylhet district's decision may mean a substantial addition to the territory of eastern Bengal. But it is difficult to forecast the result of this referendum, since it is probable that many people, even among the Moslems, realize the advantage of remaining within Assam instead of being transferred to eastern Bengal.

Bit by bit, one sees a truncated Pakistan emerging from these processes. How far will the dismemberment of India go, and where will it end? Today the Congress Party and Moslem League leaders, with large staffs of assistants, are busy with divisions of all sorts, division of assets and liabilities, of equipment, of personnel, of departmental files and records. A special committee presided over by Sir Claude Auchinleck—who for reasons of defense has been a firm opponent of the division of India—will deal with the division of the armed forces. The decision to accept partition was not lightly taken by the Congress leaders. Gandhi even now speaks of it as though it were a dark tragedy. The terrible riots that went on throughout northern India for months compelled the adoption of the view that there was no alternative to division but continuing bloodshed. "Into precisely how many fragments?" is the question now being asked by devotees of the unity of India, appalled by the prospects of the country splitting up.

The Pathans want a Pathanistan independent of both India and Pakistan. They are magnificent fighters who in the past have not found the Hindus too formidable opponents. Eastern Bengal has nothing in common with the western Punjab and Sind. Fifteen hundred miles of Indian territory lie between this region and Karachi. Can a single administration manage such far-flung provinces, separated by vast physical distances and held together by nothing but an artificially worked-up sentiment of common nationality which does not exist?

"No Balkanization" is the cry even of those Congress leaders who have reconciled themselves to the idea of India becoming two dominions—some, like Nehru, in the hope that the division may prove temporary and ultimately give way to stronger unity. A few princes are toying with the idea of declaring their independence and are watching the struggle that is developing between Travancore—a Hindu state with a population of six million in the extreme south of India—and the government of India as a test case. The acknowledgment of Travancore's independence will encourage many other states to demand it: Hyderabad and Kashmir are still undecided about their future course.

With the withdrawal of British authority by mid-August and the establishment of two dominions, considerations which have served so far to cement the unity of the Congress Party on the one hand and the Moslem League on the other are likely to lose their force. Already one can see that Moslems from provinces where they form a minority of the population, like Madras, Bombay, Behar, and the United Provinces, are feeling uneasy about the future. They have enjoyed privileges in the past which they seem doomed to lose.

There will be thirty million Moslems in the Dominion of India and fifty million in Pakistan (these figures do not include Moslems in the territories of the princes). Nehru and other Congress leaders have declared that in the Indian Dominion all will have common rights of citizenship, with no privileges for any section of the population—which implies that such devices as separate electorates and the reservation of seats for Moslems in the legislatures and government service far in excess of their proportional number will be dropped. This will mean a big sacrifice for Moslems in the Indian Dominion. They subscribed cheerfully to the theory of Pakistan without realizing that its achievement would result in the withdrawal of these privileges. "What do we get out of Pakistan?" said a Madras Moslem to me despairingly last week. Henceforth, Moslems in the Indian Dominion must rise to positions of responsibility by merit like everyone else and not by belonging to a special class. The enthusiasm for Pakistan is already showing signs of diminution among those thoughtful Moslems who perceive that its establishment can bring them little practical advantage.

The Moslem League grew rapidly in influence during the past six years because Jinnah's propaganda was concentrated on placing the Moslems in a position of antagonism to Congress. What kept eighty million Moslems together was this spirit of antagonism. Similarly, groups of widely differing political views have remained within Congress all these years because of their opposition to the British.

In the main, therefore, it has been a negative force which has given life to both the Congress Party and the Moslem League—the fear of domination by the British in one case and by the Hindus in the other. After the middle of August both these forces will tend to disappear, and social and economic considerations will become the dominant factors. Socialists who are now working within the Congress Party are preparing for such developments and drawing up a program of practical

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socialism. Communists, whose past role has been to snipe at all other parties, see an opportunity for themselves under the conditions now opening up for India.

The territorial division of India and freedom from British control may thus pave the way for ideological divisions within the existing political parties. The left-wing forces, however, are not the only ones which see opportunities ahead of them. Princes, capitalists, and landlords, with their far greater resources, are bound to make common cause. The conflict between Hindus and Moslems may then become a class conflict between the right and the left, between haves and have-nots. The path toward social democracy for India will not be either smooth or easy. Vested interests and privileged reactionaries will make a formidable bid for power and influence.

Dixie in Black and White

BY A. G. MEZERIK

VII. Kentucky's 1947 New Deal

Louisville, Kentucky

PRACTICALLY everybody in America thinks of the Kentucky Derby when Louisville is mentioned. Thousands of visitors pour into the city for the big event, though most of them have no hope of seeing the race. They come for the special holiday excitement, to take part in a Mardi Gras centering in a horse race. Those who can afford tickets for the race feel that they have stellar parts in the pageant. Lots of movie actors come to see and be seen; those old sportsmen the Southern colonels are very much in evidence; and the variety of Broadway characters is terrific. Hotel beds sell for $30 a night, but people take little time out to sleep. Automobile horns toot through the downtown streets all night, and the atmosphere becomes that of a frenetic carnival, with ingredients of New York's Fifty-second Street, an American Legion convention, and a circus where mint juleps at $1.50 per frosted glass substitute for pink lemonade.

All this is the prelude to that electric minute at Churchill Downs when the band strikes up "My Old Kentucky Home" and the horses parade on to the track. Then comes the crowd's spine-tingling shout, "They're off!" Two minutes later the show is over, except for the important detail of collecting the bets: on that two minutes more than one and a quarter million dollars have been gambled. The next day the city cleans up and takes stock, noting particularly the amount of money that changed hands in the betting and the huge profits made by the Jockey Club, which not only operates Churchill Downs but controls the gambling at every other Kentucky track.

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Louisville's interest in the "take" at Churchill Downs is more than idle curiosity, for the world-famous race track pays no taxes and many citizens think that ought to be changed. Louisville could use the revenue. It pays its teachers, for example, such small salaries that they are on the verge of malnutrition and are discussing strike action. The owners of the track, however, keep a tight hold on the reins of local and state government and so far have not been bothered by the tax gatherers. Their political power comes in handy in other ways, too. Recently the precinct in which Churchill Downs is located suddenly undertook to enforce the law there instead of winking at violations. Overnight the track moved into another and more amenable precinct—by the simple device of having the boundary lines changed.

Kentucky, to judge from the assessed valuation of its real wealth, is one of the richest states in the South. It ought therefore to have a large tax income with which to support its services. The reason it doesn't is that the political machinery has always been used by the big property-owners to keep their taxes low. On the basis of its resources Kentucky could be expected to have a standard of living higher than most Southern states, but it actually ranks forty-fifth in the Union in per capita income. While a great deal might be done by Kentuckians to change this condition, one important means is beyond their reach. This would be to curtail the amount of wealth taken out of the state by the hundred largest banking, insurance, and manufacturing corporations in the United States and to build up industrial ownership in the South. The South fervently hoped that this change would be brought about by its industrial growth during the war, but it is now obvious that the miracle has not come to pass. The South has a few more plants than it had before the war; the East has almost doubled its manufacturing capacity. America's largest corporations profited most from the war boom, and the two greatest beneficiaries were General Motors and du Pont. Each of these

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giants, which through interlocking stock ownership are almost Siamese twins, added a billion dollars of facilities to their already swollen holdings. The branches which both have in the South have not appreciably increased Southern incomes or tax revenues, and there has been little local participation in profits.

Monopolies and cartels are causing havoc below the Mason and Dixon Line. I described the fertilizer monopoly in my article on the TVA in *The Nation* for May 31. Though fertilizer is as essential as bread—without it the South's exhausted lands would produce neither food nor cotton—farmers have to pay an outrageously high price for it. Reliable calculations show that the difference between a price based on cost of production and the rigged price demanded and got by the monopoly would have provided a college education for every high-school graduate in the South. Monopoly not only pays less than its share of taxes, drains off profits, and lowers per capita income, but also boosts the cost of living in various ways.

The people's inertia and the fantastic shenanigans of the politicians have made it possible for graft and venality to flourish in Kentucky for generations, and it is hard to organize effective resistance to monopoly's tyranny. However, the recent Supreme Court decision reducing freight-rate discrimination has encouraged greater effort here, as all through the South. The realization that the freight-rate victory was due in part to Southern agitation and leadership, like that of Governor Arnall, is incentive to further action. Though slow to bestir themselves, the people of Kentucky have been alerted.

The balance sheet compiled recently by the Committee for Kentucky shows how much needs to be done. Only one of the forty-eight states had, in 1940, a higher percentage of illiteracy than Kentucky. In 1943, in the midst of war-time prosperity, 4,000 Kentucky teachers were earning, on a fifty-two-week basis, less than $12 a week. Not many Kentuckians did much better: in the same year the per capita income in Kentucky was but 59 per cent of the United States average, and Kentucky's industrial pay rolls were next to the lowest in the South. Bare statistics do not dramatize the effects of poverty, but they do reveal a tragic situation. Only two states have a worse tuberculosis record. In one rural area 11,500 proud Kentuckians depend on a single doctor. One in every three Kentucky farms is valued at $300 or less. In 1940, 13,000 farmers had to haul water an average of more than four miles. Ninety-seven per cent of all Kentucky farms had no toilets inside the house, and 42,000 farms had neither inside toilet nor outside privy. One of every four persons born in Kentucky has left the state. The figures are doubly depressing to Kentuckians who remember that fifty years ago Louisville was a great center of world trade, the state was first in industrial pay rolls in the South, and its educational system ranked high among those of the nation.

The Committee for Kentucky, which has brought all this to light, was started in Louisville by a group of business leaders who can hardly be accused of belonging to any even mildly radical school of political thought. Outstanding in the group were Barry Bingham and Mark Ethridge, both of the Louisville *Courier-Journal;* Wendell Willkie's brother, H. Fred Willkie, a leading Kentucky distiller; and Harry W. Schacter, a merchant born in New York who as president of the committee has demonstrated regional patriotism in the larger framework of the national interest. These four men show the same progressive spirit which brought to national attention Wilson Wyatt, Paul Porter, and Edward Prichard, Jr.—Kentucky's contributions to the New Deal.

At first the Committee for Kentucky undertook to present to the people a picture of conditions within the state. As Harry Schacter put it, "Our aims were to get the facts, and to see that the people got those facts. We were intent on stimulating people to organize locally, so that they would do the job of relating the facts to their own locality and so that they would build up a desire to act for change. Not just a desire, however, but a realization that they must take the responsibility and assume a share of the cost of the change. And it was an integral part of our job to show the consequences of lassitude, of apathy, and of failure." The committee issued booklets and pamphlets and aroused interest through lectures, meetings, and newspaper publicity—all coordinated under the slogan of "Wake Up Kentucky." The pacemaker for the entire project was a radio program originating in the Louisville station owned by the *Courier-Journal.* This program was soon picked up by other radio stations in the state and was so good that it received a Peabody award.

The time arrived when most of the facts were on the record. Kentucky, if not yet awakened, was beginning to stir; and the committee, deciding to move from fact-finding into action, changed its slogan to "Kentucky on the March." Its statewide studies were now utilized as yardsticks for an experiment in the city and county of Henderson, a typical Ohio River community. This "grass-roots" work in Henderson has been in operation for over a year and is being copied in other communities.

At present the "Kentucky on the March" program is evolving into "A People's Legislative Program for Kentucky," in which are embodied legislative proposals to effect improvements in fields in which state government plays a part. While many different sections of the population were represented at the meeting at which the legislative program was adopted, some elements were notably absent, not because they were indifferent, but because they were against even the mild reforms proposed by the Committee for Kentucky. Some business men attended,

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but no representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, the Bankers' Association, or Associated Industries, which is the Kentucky version of the N. A. M. These groups felt instinctively that even the calling together of like-minded people to discuss changes threatened their power and the interests of the national monopolies behind them. Railroad unions were represented, but not the managements of the railroads, which long dominated Kentucky politics and have still a hold on the legislature. The mine workers were represented, but not the mine owners, or the largest industrial employers. The farmers sent the heads of their organizations, but the few native Kentuckians who still own some of the state's rich farm land stayed away (Kentucky's noted blue-grass horse farms are now nearly all owned by rich Easterners). Educators, Negroes, and welfare agencies were present, but there was only a tiny contingent from the aristocracy whose holdings are in Louisville's big banks. Also absent was the professional booster, who wants no public mention of facts which would lead anyone to dream that Kentucky is not perfect. The rich in general neither attended nor wanted to be told the results; they habitually close their ears to unpleasant truths for which they might have to assume some responsibility. Machine politicians not only stayed away but threw cold water and bricks.

Among the supporters of the program are some real forces for progress, such as the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* one of the country's outstanding newspapers. But while it is important to have a good newspaper if you want a good community, even the best newspaper can only spark change, not bring it about. That must be done by the people, and the Committee for Kentucky can be proud of the cooperation it has obtained from the people of the state. All of labor—and nearly every other important mass organization—is becoming increasingly involved in the movement. Its immediate aim, in effect, a 1947 statewide New Deal, is well worth working for. As it continues its march, it may come to grips with the deeper economic and political problems of an industrial society in which the biggest fact is monopoly control.

Canadian Labor and Political Action

BY EUGENE FORSEY

Ottawa, July 1

AMERICAN labor has in general fought shy of independent political action through a third party. The results of the last elections, however, suggest that the alternative policy of working through one or both of the old parties may be played out. In these circumstances Canadian experience may be of interest.

Fifteen years ago an article on Canadian labor in politics would have been like the famous chapter on the snakes in Ireland. For all practical purposes, taking the country as a whole, there was no labor in politics. There was a persistent tradition of independent political action by labor, a tradition which defied innumerable defeats and innumerable treacheries. But Canadian trade unionism was as non-political as American trade unionism.

The present situation is very different. Canada, like the United States, has two major labor organizations. The Trades and Labor Congress is, for the most part, made up of Canadian branches of A. F. of L. unions. The Canadian Congress of Labor consists mainly of C. I. O. unions and the Canadian districts of the United Mine Workers. In both organizations are some purely Canadian unions. The Trades and Labor Congress has usually followed the orthodox American policy and stayed clear of political action. The Canadian Congress of Labor, on the other hand, in 1943 officially indorsed Canada's third party, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, as "the political arm of labor in Canada." It has twice voted down, by large majorities, attempts to reverse the decision.

Individual unions have been particularly active in supporting the C. C. F. The United Mine Workers District 26, which takes in about half the coal miners in the country, has been affiliated with the C. C. F. for eight years and has elected one of its members to the Canadian Parliament. Steelworkers' locals in two of Canada's three basic steel plants are also affiliated: their national director is on the C. C. F. national council. Altogether some hundred local unions belonging to both labor congresses have affiliated with or indorsed the C. C. F., and many union leaders, national and local, are active supporters.

The C. C. F. also enjoys the support of a large and important section of the farmers. It was brought into being in 1932 by a group of farmer and labor members of Parliament in which the farmers were much the more numerous. Most of its twenty-eight members in the Dominion Parliament come from rural constituencies, and it has the overwhelming support of the largest wheat-growing province, Saskatchewan. It is a genuine farmer-labor party, and in spite of continuous reaction-

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ary prophecies that the two elements are bound to split, they have held together; the predominantly farmer C. C. F. government of Saskatchewan has passed what is by common consent the most advanced labor legislation on the American continent.

In its fifteen years of existence the C. C. F. has developed impressive strength. Today it constitutes the government of Saskatchewan. It is the official opposition in three other provinces—British Columbia, Manitoba, and Nova Scotia. In the last election it polled a larger vote than either of the two old parties in the four western provinces. It has twenty-eight members in the Canadian House of Commons. The C. C. F. is decidedly a force to be reckoned with.

WHY THE C. C. F. WILL LAST

But will it last? Canada has had third parties before. Brief life was here their portion, brief sorrow, short-lived care. The Progressive Party, which arose at the end of the First World War, won power in three provinces and became the second largest party in the Dominion house, with more than twice as many seats as the C. C. F. now has. Yet within seven years one of its provincial governments had been disastrously defeated, and most of its federal representatives had been either defeated or swallowed by the Liberals.

The C. C. F. has already lasted twice as long as the Progressive Party, and is still growing. Why? Is it more solidly based? Are there any reasons for believing that it will not, in a few years more, suffer the same fate as its forerunner? The answers to these questions may be instructive for Americans as well as Canadians.

To begin with, the C. C. F. has four things which the Canadian Progressive Party never had, and which any third party hoping to be effective must have. The first is a clear, coherent, comprehensive social philosophy. The second is labor support. The third is a will to power. The fourth is organization.

The Progressive Party was a party of protest and nothing more. It had plenty of good-will but no real understanding of what was happening in the modern world, and so no unifying force to hold its diverse elements together. It was founded in post-war depression; the return of prosperity destroyed it. "Blown about by every wind of doctrine," most of its members fell easy victims to the blandishments of Mr. Mackenzie King and were soon transformed into "Liberal Progressives" and then into ordinary "Liberals."

The C. C. F. has a social philosophy—democratic socialism; this philosophy it shares with most of the progressive parties of the Western world. That is one reason why, though made up of people with every conceivable type of racial, religious, educational, and occupational background, it has held together and grown since its founding in the great depression through pre-war recovery, war-time prosperity, and post-war reconversion. It is also one reason why neither Mr. King nor the Communists have been able to take it into camp.

The Progressive Party never had any labor support worth mentioning. It was almost purely a farmers' movement, with a fringe of middle-class cranks and faddists. The nearest it came to labor support was a loose alliance with small, rather nondescript labor parties many of whose members had as little social philosophy as the Progressives themselves and came to the same sad end. The C. C. F. has always had a strong labor element, and in the last few years it has had direct, official union support.

The Progressives never had any real will to power. To many of them the very word "party" was sinful, the idea of forming a government a horror. They thought in terms of "cooperative" arrangements between representatives of occupational "groups," resulting in a series of pleasant and reasonably stable compromises. It never occurred to them that some of the "groups" were social classes. In the Dominion house they refused to become the official opposition, leaving that powerful role to the much less numerous Conservatives, and from the very beginning they split their vote on almost every important question. Of party discipline there was not even the shadow.

The C. C. F. has a will to power. It has a definite objective which can be reached only by taking power. It has recognized the class structure of modern society and the impossibility of stable compromise between those who will starve if they don't work and those who won't. It has faced the fact that only an organized party ready to govern can hope to solve the problems of modern society. It has seized with enthusiasm its single opportunity, so far, to form a government, and has accepted with equal enthusiasm every chance of becoming the official opposition, the potential alternative government. Its members in provincial and Dominion houses have worked and voted as a disciplined team.

Last, but not least, the Progressives had no national organization, and no provincial organization except in the primarily economic farmers' groups. They clung with fierce individualism to the most exaggerated form of "constituency autonomy." Nationally, their party was hardly more than a collection of members of Parliament who sat in the same part of the House of Commons and occasionally voted the same way. There were no national headquarters, no effective national leadership, no national funds, no provision for educating Progressive supporters in the principles for which the party stood.

The C. C. F. has a national organization with a reasonable degree of control over provincial and local organizations. It has a national headquarters, a very effective national leadership, national funds, national research and educational officers. Indeed, it has probably the most

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continuous and coherent—and certainly the most democratic—organization of the three major parties.

LESSONS FOR AMERICAN PROGRESSIVES

These are some of the reasons why the C. C. F. will last. There are three others which also may have their lesson for American progressives. First, the C. C. F. is unshakably democratic. It is run by its members. It has annual provincial and biennial national conventions which decide policy and choose officers and leaders. To each convention the officers and leaders must render an account of their stewardship, and if the account is not satisfactory they must make way for others. Secondly, the C. C. F. conception of social ownership has been broad and flexible, and has always strongly emphasized cooperatives as a valuable means of carrying out social ownership. Thirdly, the C. C. F. has steadfastly refused to have anything to do with the Communists under any of their numerous aliases or disguises. Communists and fellow-travelers have occasionally wormed their way into the organization and behaved as they always do; as soon as they have shown their hand clearly, they have always been thrown out by democratic action of the membership or its elected officers. The result is that the C. C. F. has suffered a minimum of damage from the changes in the C. P. line; the Communists have never been in any position to cripple the organization by suddenly getting out because they were never in, except in negligible numbers in isolated spots for a negligible length of time.

This explains why the Communists have offered the bitterest and most persistent opposition inside the unions to their affiliating with or indorsing the C. C. F. Indeed, within the Canadian Congress of Labor they have offered almost the only opposition. They have been met with absolute frankness and with vigor. At the last convention a Communist attempt to substitute for the existing Political Action Committee, which supports the C. C. F., a "non-partisan" P. A. C.—which would of course mean reversing the decision of the 1943 convention—was defeated without a recorded vote.

It must be admitted that the necessity of a third party has hitherto been more evident, and the task of building it easier, in Canada than in the United States. For one thing, Canadian unions have never embraced "free enterprise" with the enthusiasm of American unions. On the contrary, even the traditionally cautious Trades and Labor Congress has for many years demanded "public ownership and democratic management of all public utilities and nationalization of banking and credit" and "government control and fullest development of all natural resources"; the Canadian Congress of Labor has specifically declared for nationalization of the banks, the coal mines, and all existing privately owned broadcasting stations, a vast public housing program from which private enterprise should be "excluded," and "free hospitalization and surgical and medical attention for all workers and their families"; District 26 of the U. M. W. has called for nationalization of the eastern coal mines; and the Canadian districts of the Steelworkers ask for nationalization of the Canadian steel industry. Aims like these cannot be achieved through the old parties.

The influence of the British and Commonwealth Labor parties has been strongly felt in Canada. Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand have all long had Labor parties, and all three have had Labor governments for appreciable periods in the past twenty years. Sometimes that influence expresses itself in British-born Canadian trade-union and C. C. F. leaders who acquired their first taste of politics in a Labor Party local. The Canadian parliamentary system itself makes the emergence of a third party a more natural phenomemon. The old parties—Liberal and Conservative—are closely knit organizations with tight party discipline. Members elected to Parliament must support the official party policy on pain of political death. A phenomenon like George W. Norris would be completely impossible in Canada. The liberal dissenter makes little headway, and new ideas must find a new political party. Big personalities do not play the same role as in American politics. The indispensable leader finds no place in Canadian political folklore. And during the depression of the thirties, when Franklin D. Roosevelt was pulling all liberals to his New Deal banner in the United States, the Canadian parties plodded along their well-trodden ways. It was in those years that a great many workers, farmers, and progressives from the white-collar class decided to make the C. C. F. their own party.

There is one further factor that should be noted. The Canadian economy, at any rate until recently, has been even more monopolistic than the American. Canada has never had any successful trust-busting. Most of the major industries are controlled by one or a very few concerns, and the control of industry is concentrated to an astonishing degree in the hands of the same relatively small group of men. This has made it easier than in the United States for business to control government and harder for government to control business in the interests of the people.

Whether the death of Mr. Roosevelt, the end of the New Deal, and the emergence of new problems have reduced the differences between the American and Canadian situations to a point where American progressivism is ready to strike out on the new path which Canadian progressives are treading is a question on which no outsider's opinion is worth a great deal. But even an outsider may hazard a guess that in the next few months American progressives will be doing some rather fundamental thinking about their position, and that in the process they would do well not to overlook the experience of their neighbors to the north.

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Del Vayo—the Vatican and Democracy

A SERIES of articles in the *Osservatore Romano* by its chief editor, Count Dalla Torre, discussing the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, have led several commentators to assume a fundamental change in the policy of the Holy See. Originating in a milieu where anti-communism is the traditional stand, the admonition addressed to both Moscow and Washington to become more "objective," to take things more quietly, and to renounce an ideological struggle which could only end in war, sounded encouraging. The articles were written in a lofty tone, with that air of authority which the Vatican paper, speaking for a Power whose kingdom is not of this earth, knows how to adopt in solemn moments. It was a vote for compromise, setting an example by treating with equal courtesy the new favorite, the United States, and the land of the anti-Christ.

I am sorry to have to inject into this hopeful interpretation a drop of skepticism. I would agree on one point: that the Vatican's statement "reflects the Pope's increasing anxiety." As early as last March I heard in Rome, from a diplomat extremely well-informed on the affairs of the Curia, that the tension between the Big Two was worrying Pius XII more than anything he had gone through during the war.

The main reason for that anxiety is the fact that the Vatican is in Italy, and Italy, no matter what De Gasperi, supported by the Allies, may do to prevent it, remains one of the countries of Europe where the revolution is most deeply anchored. Any aggravation of relations between Moscow and Washington has an immediate effect on Italy's internal politics, and at this moment, should it come to a test of strength, the Communists are the masters of the street. Nineteen forty-seven is not a good year for a showdown. The Vatican hopes that postponement of the elections until next spring will result in a central-rightist coalition so stabilized as to keep the Communists forever out of the government. Then they will begin to lose ground rapidly.

I think it is a false hope. As I have said on this page before, I believe that the Communists and Socialists, not the Christian Democrats, will win the election. But the Vatican thinks differently, and it was in that expectation that it forced De Gasperi to stay even when physical fatigue had made the Premiership an uncomfortable burden. It was a Vatican request. Believers do not ignore the voice of God.

Together with the weakening of the Italian left, the Vatican expects that within one year the process of isolating Russia will be completed. For that it counts especially on the irritation and impatience of the countries that will suffer most next winter. Just at the time when the *Osservatore Romano* was pleading for reconciliation, every word uttered by the Pope was intended to establish the responsibility of Russia for Europe's present distress. The desire to prevent a conflict while the odds are still against the Vatican can be reconciled with other more permanent interests. After the articles in the *Osservatore Romano,* as before, the disappearance of the Soviet regime and the prevention of a Socialist Europe remain the cherished dream of the Holy See. But the Vatican has had a thousand years of experience in world affairs, and Pacelli's mind is infinitely more subtle than that of other statesmen who, in lieu of other ideas, pin their last hope on the atomic bomb.

It is a question of strategy, not of fundamental attitudes. Through the centuries the papacy has always been on the sides of reaction. Its very hierarchic system contradicts the concept of democracy; it is built from above down. It has never modernized itself; on the contrary it has grown more authoritarian. The waves of freedom that have battered mankind and swept over old privileges of various sorts have broken at the Vatican gardens. With the proclamation in 1870 by the Council of Rome of the infallibility of the Pope in matters of belief and morals, any chance of democratization from within ended. Half a century later, in 1918, the new code of the Catholic church, the Corpus juris canonici, was adopted and the totalitarian papacy received its final touch. A careful study of the famous Encyclical "Immortale Dei" (1885), which has been used to prove the liberalism of the church, shows that even the "Socialist" Leo XIII had no faith in government of the people, by the people, for the people. There never was a Lincoln in the Vatican.

If fresh evidence should be required that Count Dalla Torre's sensational series does not herald a more progressive attitude on the part of the church, there is the insolent pro-fascist display of the Spanish hierarchy in favor of Franco's plebiscite. Everybody knows that the plebiscite was a farce; and Monarchists as well as Republicans decided to sabotage it. To counteract that move the Dictator called upon the church. The reply was instantaneous and unqualified. The Spanish hierarchy did not even take advantage of the occasion to request that the political executions stop. The excuse for not intervening has always been that the church must not mix in state affairs. But the plebiscite came along, and the church threw itself into the campaign.

It began with an appeal by Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel, Archbishop of Toledo, in which in the best Jesuit style he said: "The church does not take sides but feels the necessity of appealing to the faithful in moments which may be as decisive as those of 1936." In 1936 the Spanish archbishops and bishops openly declared their support of the Franco rebellion; thus the reference to 1936 is an order to vote for Franco. The Bishop of Orense followed with a pastoral letter exhorting his diocese to vote, and to vote "the right way." After that came the Bishops of Siguenza, Granada, and Salamanca, and finally the Bishop Prior of the Military Orders, Dr. Echevarria. The behavior of the church has been scandalous, and I know of very sincere Spanish Catholics who are horrified by the support given to Franco. All this happened only a fortnight after the series of articles appeared in the *Osservatore Romano.* It confirms my belief that those articles merely registered a maneuver, not a conversion of the Vatican to the principles of democracy.

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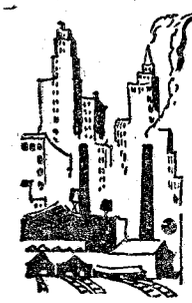

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

The D-Day for Sterling

JULY 15 is D-Day for the pound sterling. On that date it becomes once more a relatively free currency, and the first stage in the demobilization of the sterling area will be accomplished. Henceforth all sterling arising from current transactions plus all that released from blocked balances will be convertible into other currencies. Thus in spite of its current difficulties the British government is punctually fulfilling one of the major conditions on which the American loan of $3,750,000,000 was granted last year.

What does sterling convertibility mean in practice? Let us suppose that Mahmoud Abbas of Cairo sold £10,000 worth of cotton to Manchester last month. He could use those pounds to finance purchases anywhere within the sterling area, but he could not change them into dollars with which to pay for American fertilizers. In order to get dollars he had to apply to the Egyptian exchange control, which would decide whether his need was sufficiently urgent to warrant an allotment from the dollar quota assigned to Egypt by the British managers of the sterling area's dollar pool. After July 15, however, when Mr. Abbas sells Egyptian goods to British customers, he will be permitted to exchange his pounds for dollars, pesos, kroner, or any other currency. But this privilege will not apply to sterling arising from capital transactions. Mr. Abbas will not be able, for instance, to realize an investment in Imperial Chemical Industries and use the proceeds to buy du Pont stock.

There is no reason to suppose that July 15 will be followed by any sort of crisis. The total demand for dollars in London is not likely, in fact, to be appreciably increased. For while, in principle, convertibility applies to all sterling paid out for foreign goods and services, in practice it is only the net balances arising from each country's trade with Britain which will be converted. Moreover, as far as the "hard-currency" countries are concerned—the United States, Canada, Argentina, and so on—transferability of current sterling has been effective for some time past, and it is with these countries, as a group, that Britain has an adverse trade balance. British payments to and from the rest of the world broadly cancel each other out. Thus India and Egypt, which since the end of the war have bought from Britain far more than they have sold, will not have any current sterling surplus to turn into dollars.

The future ability of India and Egypt to command dollars beyond the amount they earn by exports to this country depends largely on releases from their accumulated sterling balances. Up to now these balances have been available for use inside the sterling area, but they have not been convertible into "hard currencies" except in connection with the operations of the dollar pool. The Anglo-American financial agreement, however, provides that after July 15 all releases from such balances must be convertible into any other currency for current transactions.

The total British external unfunded debt represented by foreign accounts in the London banks amounts to upward of three billion pounds, or twelve billion dollars. No such sum could be made available for transfer into other currencies without smashing the pound. The British government, therefore, is seeking agreements with its sterling creditors providing for the release of these balances over a long period of years. Negotiations have proved far from easy, and only with Argentina, which offset a large part of the debt by taking over the British-owned railroads in the country, has a final settlement been achieved.

India and Egypt, two of the largest sterling creditors, have not been disposed to accept the terms offered by the British negotiators. In particular, they object to proposals to scale down substantially the total debts on the ground that they really represent contributions made by Britain to the defense of India and Egypt against the Axis. There is also disagreement about the amounts to be released immediately and the rapidity with which the balance will be repaid. With the July 15 deadline approaching, it seemed possible that the British government might have to take a unilateral decision to block these balances. But a temporary agreement with Egypt has just been announced which will probably provide a pattern for standstill arrangements with India, Iraq, and other sterling creditors. Under the plan Egypt will withdraw from the sterling bloc and its existing sterling assets will be frozen in special London accounts. However, during the next six months it will be permitted releases of fully convertible pounds equivalent to $40,000,000, or considerably in excess of its recent share of the dollar pool. This should mean a fillip to American trade with Egypt.

The fact that Britain, contrary to earlier predictions in some quarters, has not asked the United States for more time before implementing the convertibility clause of the loan agreement is no indication that its long-term balance-of-payments problem is becoming any less intractable. On the contrary, the first six months of this year have seen a marked deterioration in its position, and there is grave reason to fear that the American and Canadian loans will be exhausted before the end of next year instead of lasting until 1950. In the first five months of 1947 the monthly average of British imports has been some $20,000,000 more than was planned, while exports have been scarcely more than one-quarter of the total planned for the whole twelve months. The rise in American prices is an important contributory factor in the expansion of imports; the winter crisis in Britain took a heavy toll of exports.

Some improvement in exports should be registered in the remaining months of 1947, but there is little hope that the target—140 per cent of the 1938 volume—can be hit; for the first five months the average was only about 100 per cent. Consequently, the British government has reluctantly decided to cut imports of gasoline, tobacco, and newsprint, and perhaps of other goods. This is a new blow for the long-suffering consumers, and the question arises how much farther austerity can be carried without reducing incentives to production and thus endangering the export drive itself.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

SOME TIME AGO a correspondent in Iowa asked me to name the best novel published in the United States since 1900. She was choosing a subject for her study club next winter. I suggested that she consider "The Wings of the Dove."

"Your suggestion, I blush to admit, is a novel I don't know," she wrote back, "but I shall certainly read it with eagerness. I reread a number of Henry James's novels when the centennial of his birth occurred a few years ago. How do you suppose I missed this one?"

Two weeks later she wrote: "Thanks again for recommending 'The Wings of the Dove.' I reveled in it." She went on to say that the public library in her town had acquired the book in 1923. "I was the first to borrow it! But I won't be the last. It is already circulating."

It is pleasant to know that "The Dove" is circling in an Iowa town this summer after perching for twenty-four years on a library shelf. But this small episode, of a great American novel forgotten and recovered only by chance, sets one thinking about the cultural life in America—it isn't, after all, as if there were any great American novels to spare. Unquestionably there are thousands of people who would revel in "The Wings of the Dove" but who are not even aware of its existence. And one scandalous reason why they are not aware of its existence is that no inexpensive complete edition of the works of our most accomplished novelist is available. As a result his books cannot be come upon casually and easily by the exploring but not all-knowing reader, particularly the young reader whose taste is very much affected, for better or worse, by what he reads in his first passion for books. Instead, to read James requires an initial effort—that of actually getting hold of the books—which presumes a prior knowledge and a taste already acquired. And James is only an example.

Sets of books, as a friend of mine often complains, have gone out of fashion. The fashion should be revived. Publishers might refrain, for instance, from spending vast sums getting out de luxe editions of the most widely known and most frequently published "classics"—usually with elaborate illustrations which are almost always inappropriate and often downright inaccurate. They could put the savings into sets of American authors in small legible volumes that are even more convenient to carry than the ubiquitous magazine.

Snob appeal could be exploited in distributing the best old books just as it is in distributing the "best" new books. And if the American consumer could be led to believe that it is quite as disgraceful not to have a set of standard American authors in the house as it is to be without a car, publishers would get rich, and the child who always has his nose in a book—there's likely to be one in every family—might have his nose in a good book at least part of the time.

A WEEK OR SO AGO a woman named Anna who lives by herself was lying in bed with a cold. She heard someone knocking at the door of the next apartment, which was occupied by another woman whose name also happens to be Anna. Then there was a knock at her own door. When she answered she saw a man and a woman standing outside. The woman asked her if her name was Anna. She said yes, whereupon her visitor said, "Come with us, we're going to take you to a doctor." That made sense somehow in the immediate situation, yet Anna was puzzled. "I had a cold but it wasn't that bad. . . . They didn't give me a chance to argue much, they just kept telling me to hurry up. I put on a dress and coat and went with them, which was a mistake."

All the way in the cab Anna kept thinking, and by the time she got to the hospital she knew that something was wrong. At the hospital she told them that they had the wrong woman, "but they wouldn't believe me." As a doctor at the hospital explained later, people who are committed—it's a mental institution—generally declare that a mistake has been made, and little attention is paid to them.

Anna was rescued four days later by a relative who had called on her, heard from neighbors that she had gone to a hospital, and after checking all the regular hospitals in the vicinity, went to the police and reported Anna missing.

To the inhabitants of a mad world complete with "flying saucers"—the cups come separately—to which we were all committed, surely by mistake, not days but years ago, Anna's story offers a gleam of hope. It's at least possible that someone has missed us by this time and is riding to the rescue.

Brod on Kafka

FRANZ KAFKA. A Biography by Max Brod. Schocken Books. $3.

MAX BROD is in an impossible position. A lifelong friend of Kafka, he is himself a writer and is therefore expected to write a biography. But in the eyes of the world he has become a mere figure in the Kafka myth; he has lost independent existence. He is *evidence.* An ordinary citizen could perhaps tolerate such a relationship, but for a writer it is self-obliteration. No wonder then that, despite its value as a document, Brod's book is so painfully self-conscious and unsatisfactory as a biography.

What we expect from Brod is recollection, portraits, conversation, detail, minutiae; a memoir of personal experience which may illuminate his friend's genius. We expect more from him than from Kafka's other intimates because as a novelist Brod was at least in a position to grasp Kafka's problems. But even as a memoir this book is uneven.

There are some very good things in it. A partial portrait of Kafka as human being does emerge—a very stirring and lovely portrait. Kafka was one of those

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rare souls incapable of the ordinary dishonesties which we all practice as a matter of course; he had a compulsive urge toward the center, the inner core, of a human structure or relationship. Even when he indulged in private ironies or little games of secrecy, he meant them as oblique, yet somehow more direct, versions of the truths which burned in him and eventually helped destroy him. He was not delicate or shy or precious; nor did he have any bent toward the weird or bizarre. Like his books, he can only be understood in the most central and typical terms of modern existence; as Brod points out, he was in *this* world. Perhaps the greatest tribute which Brod pays to him and which his narrative independently suggests is his remark that Kafka deeply and unequivocably respected people, so much as to provoke the periodic crises which paralyzed his life. In turn he expected others to respect him. Taken seriously, as it was by Kafka, this was an impossible program.

All this Brod suggests with genuine feeling. The last part of the book, describing Kafka's illness and his love affair with Dora Dymant, reaches a high emotional level: a threnody of genius destroyed after its first surge of productivity.

But there are parts of the book which, even as memoir, are simply annoying. Brod tries to deny the relevance of Freudian concepts to Kafka's relationship to his father, as if they were somehow sordid or disrespectful to Kafka's genius. As it happens, Kafka's relationship to his father was the major fact of his personal life, and it is most clarified by psychoanalytical concepts—the extracts from Kafka's remarkable Letter to My Father quoted by Brod make that clear enough. (Which is not the same at all as the crude error of viewing Kafka's novels as mere projections of that relationship.) Brod, however, attempts a rather prissy refutation of the Freudian analysis of Kafka's father-complex. But he need not fear; it will not soil Kafka's memory—on the contrary, it will only bring him closer to all of us.

Similarly Brod becomes a bit queasy when he describes Kafka's love affairs; he takes too seriously his own remark that Kafka was on the way to becoming a saint. (Were that true, Kafka would be a bore; who can get excited about a mere saint?) And here we reach a major weakness of Brod's book: too much Brod and not enough Kafka. We are simply not interested in Brod's reflections on life; they are a nuisance when they interrupt his recollections of Kafka. The same difficulty extends even to Brod's writing: how can his prose interest us when it is interspersed with long quotations, ablaze with genius, from Kafka's diaries and letters?

For all its faults, the memoir is unique and therefore indispensable. The difficulty, however, is that a satisfactory biography of Kafka cannot be written as a mere memoir. His external life is of least importance; it is more true of him than of most writers that his life is in his works. A biography of Kafka must therefore be primarily a criticism of his work, a comprehensive theory of Kafka's meaning. This Brod does not achieve, and I doubt that it is possible for him. He was too close to Kafka to view him in perspective. He offers several interpretations: the novels as versions of man's striving toward God and as comments on the situation of the Jews, in whom Kafka became increasingly interested in his later years. I do not question the validity of these theories, only their sufficiency.

For the younger generations Kafka is now assuming a special meaning, one which it is rather difficult for Brod's generation to include. In a sense Kafka no longer belongs to Brod's generation; he belongs to the generation which has experienced the full results of the contemporary débâcle and must now live most of its life in the aftermath. Perhaps he will belong even more fully to the next few generations.

Kafka's great contribution now—it may not be fifty years hence—is an incomparable vision of the modes, the moods, the patterns of contemporary existence stripped of all its contingency. That is why he provokes in us such powerful emotional reactions, why we feel that he speaks *especially of and for us*. He is not merely our exposed nerve, as has so often been said; he is that nerve at the extremity of its quiver—only in that sense is his Jewishness relevant. This is of course not an interpretation of Kafka, but I think it points the direction to a satisfactory one.

Kafka as viewed by the theologian, the sociologist, the psychoanalyst, the existentialist, the Jewish nationalist—each has validity, but only if subsumed under a more general and immediate vision. We cannot speak for the future, we feel only what he means now.

What, then, of the "universal relevance" claimed for him? Surely, it may be said, his work is not merely of transient significance. I agree, but I should want only to add that most of the current theories of universal relevance in terms of which Kafka is interpreted are themselves largely indices of our time. For us the present is enough, more than enough, and Kafka belongs uniquely to it. For us the present seems almost "universal" too—perhaps that is what Kafka meant when he wrote in his diary, "Everything that happened to me was forever."

IRVING HOWE

Growing Up in Brazil

WHERE THE SABIA SINGS. By Henriqueta Chamberlain. Sketches by Ken Chamberlain. The Macmillan Company. $3.

BRAZIL is where the Sabiá sings, and this "partial autobiography" tells perhaps more about Brazil than it does about Mrs. Chamberlain. The author, daughter of an American missionary and his missionary wife, was born in a small town in northern Brazil between Natal and Recife, moved to Bahia when she was still a little girl, then to Rio after a few years, and finally to Sao Paulo, during her adolescence. Her father died there. After that she and her mother went on a long journey into the interior state of Goiás, and the narrative ends when her mother took her to the United States for college—and to escape the ardor of a Brazilian suitor, Jaime.

"Never once did my parents take us to live in an American or English colony," says Mrs. Chamberlain. "We did not join country clubs nor did we attend English-speaking schools. We were brought up as Brazilians, with Brazilians, and our loyalty and passionate love of country were for Brazil."

So, through the eyes and ears and feelings of a sensitive girl, the reader gets to know a good deal about everyday life in Bahia, Rio, Sao Paulo, and the back country. There are a richness of emotion and a simple charm about

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the book that give one a friendly feeling both for the country and the girl.

But it is the contrast between life in Brazil and in the United States that makes the most vivid impression on the American reader: for example, carnival in Bahia. "In those days Carnival was terrific. . . . Everyone, high and low, black and white, plunged with abandon into the gaiety of a wide-open city. . . . Everyone got drunk; not with liquor, but with the monotonous, barbaric music."

And then there are the Brazilian feelings toward sex and marriage which run through the whole pattern of the book—a combination of rigidities and easy, matter-of-fact tolerances. Mrs. Chamberlain says that to her "the ideal wife was Dona Carola, who always submitted to her husband—as a woman should. She guarded her daughters fanatically from all contact with men . . . and groomed them to be good wives and mothers. But the boys! . . . They were allowed every liberty and complete freedom. . . ." (Men, too, as witness the wedding of his bastard son openly attended by Dona Carola's worthy husband, and Dona Carola's friend Evelina making "baby clothes for her husband's mistress, who was expecting a child soon.") Unlike the mothers of the Brazilians she knew, the American women Henriqueta met "were all fools for work. They were always doing something. One woman even went to an office every day, just like a man. . . . They were always hustling, as if they had never learned the art of keeping still to feel deeply the beauty and joy of each living moment."

Another contrast is in color. As one of Henriqueta's friends said, "Brazil is the one country in the world where the white man doesn't consider himself better than the red or black." Henriqueta's schoolmates in Rio couldn't believe she didn't have some Negro blood and made her undress to prove there wasn't "a brown line on the skin over the spinal column." As her father said of his children, "All their lives they've chosen their friends because they liked them as people and these friends range in every shade from white to black."

The last few pages of the book recall how shocked Henriqueta was when she came to the United States and stumbled over the color line in a Kansas City street car. The behavior of North Americans she thought "belied their speeches and glamorous movie propaganda. I preferred our Brazilian system —with all its mistakes—because at least we were decent to human beings." But eventually she "learned to know many fine North Americans"—including the man she married—and "became adjusted to their way of life." Her husband's sketches, which illustrate the book, are full of the warmth and gaiety of the Brazil Mrs. Chamberlain loves so well.

EVANS CLARK

"Monty"

MONTGOMERY: A BIOGRAPHY. By Alan Moorehead. Coward-McCann. $4.

ALAN MOOREHEAD, ace British war correspondent, followed Field Marshal Montgomery in action from Alamein to the Rhine and has described his campaigns in several previous books. Now he presents us with a fascinating study of Montgomery the man.

Seeking a clue to the strange, even eccentric, character of the Marshal, the author rightly pays much attention to a childhood spent in pitting his will against that of his mother, a straight-laced Victorian matron who had very decided ideas about bending the twig. Montgomery escaped to school, where his natural ability in sports gave him the leadership for which he craved and helped him overcome the social handicap of ultra-aggressiveness. Entering the army, he rose slowly through the hierarchy, recognized as a keen officer but distrusted by many of his superiors because he was addicted to ideas and tactless enough to expound them in season and out. Assertive, experimental, intolerant, and unsocial, it was almost a miracle that he was never cashiered but instead rose to the top in a crisis.

Mr. Moorehead, combining judgment with careful research, has painted a living, not an official, portrait. The personality that emerges is not, perhaps, endearing, but it is thoroughly believable. Reading this book we can understand why "Monty" has aroused so much antagonism: we can also appreciate the devotion he inspired in the men of the Eighth Army.

KEITH HUTCHISON

New Life of Wilson

WILSON: THE ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE. By Arthur S. Link. Princeton University Press. $5.

THE first volume of Professor Link's new life of Woodrow Wilson is a model of political biography. Thorough, accurate, objective, and readable, it gives the first full account of Wilson's life in politics up to his election to the Presidency in 1912. Professor Link has supplemented the Wilson and other manuscript collections with an uncommonly extensive and discriminating use of contemporary newspapers and magazines. His book traces in detail the first stirrings of Wilson's political ambition, his transformation from the Cleveland conservative of 1906 to the Bryan liberal of 1912, the long haul for the nomination, the fantastic Baltimore convention, and the exciting campaign against Roosevelt and Taft in 1912.

In particular, the book throws valuable light on Wilson's Princeton troubles and on the remarkable degree to which he was identified at the beginning with the reactionary wing of the Democratic Party. Dr. Link is a critical biographer,

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not basically unsympathetic with his subject, but no cultist or rhapsodist; and his dry recognition that his leading figure indulged in ambiguities and contraditions is refreshing in a day when a synthetic conception of "folk hero" has made it impossible to see some past political leaders for their halos. Historians and the general public alike will await the remaining volumes of Dr. Link's biography with enthusiasm.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

Hares and Trappists

A MAN IN THE DIVIDED SEA. By Thomas Merton. New Directions. $2.50.

YOUNG CHERRY TREES SECURED AGAINST HARES. By André Breton. View Editions. $3.75.

THE best thing Mr. Merton does is to communicate the complete satisfaction of the very simple but, for the believer, wonderfully significant life of the Trappist monk; a special, almost allegorical, feeling for nature seems to be a part of this life. For instance, The Trappist Abbey: Matins:

When the full fields begin to smell of sunrise
And the valleys sing in their sleep,
The pilgrim moon pours over the solemn darkness
Her waterfalls of silence,
And then departs, up the long avenue of trees.

But Mr. Merton realizes such feelings only occasionally, for there is a clash between them and his characteristic style.

This style seems to be based on a delight in the decorative elaboration of comparisons, a delight which frequently leads to the abuse of the simile, as in Holy Communion:

For Grace moves, like the wind,
The armies of the wheat our secret hero!
And Faith sits in our hearts like fire,
And makes them smile like suns.

These capitalized abstractions grow no more precise for being qualified by a succession of similes which, taken separately, are clichés and, taken together, chaotic. Frequently, too, Mr. Merton allows himself to detail the obvious aspects of the vehicle of a metaphor which has, in the first instance, only the slightest support of meaning. This is from a poem on the Annunciation:

Speech of an angel shines in the waters of her thought like diamonds.
Rides like a sunburst on the hillsides of her heart,
And is brought home like harvests,
Hid in her house, and stored
Like the sweet summer's riches in our peaceful barns.

The effect of such obvious and, for the most part, merely verbal ingenuity is to raise the question of the quality of the poet's feelings for the Communion or the Annunciation; yet it is clear from some other poems where Mr. Merton has subdued these stylish tricks that his religious feelings are finer and deeper than such obvious and muddled figures suggest. At its best this style lends itself to songs and highly fanciful and sensuous description—for example, "Ariadne"—not, except on very special occasions, to what appears to be Mr. Merton's very real faith.

The claim of his publishers is that "le témoignage d'André Breton s'impose comme gage de la tradition classique des Surréalists, d'une imagination qui ne transige pas et d'une constance morale qui ne fait jamais défaut." This may well be true; the juror on whom only a fragment here and there, and one poem, have imposed themselves can hardly say. There is a kind of brilliance of phrase in these poems which is often impressive, but

Je prends mon bien dans les failles du roc là où la mer
Précipite ses globes des chevaux montés des chiens qui hurlent. . . .

There are places into which it is not always easy to follow Mr. Breton's understanding.

ARTHUR MIZENER

Fiction in Review

I DON'T suppose that even as many as three instances in six months of a new impulse to maturity on the part of our young writers can be taken as proof that we are in the midst of a significant cultural change. But they do warm our hopes that fiction may at last be trying to free itself from the preciousness and infantilism that for so long now have been considered virtually synonymous with the highest literary talent. Last winter, while I was on vacation from reviewing, I read two novels—Peggy Bennett's "The Varmints" and Elizabeth Fenwick's "The Long Wing"—by very gifted new writers. Despite their youth, both authors had unusually adult views of life—unusual, that is, in writers of obvious sensibility. Now there is Daphne Athas's "The Weather of the Heart" (Appleton-Century, $2.75), another instance of the same kind of effort to create a world larger than the immediate world of the writer's own feelings. "The Weather of the Heart," written when Miss Athas was only twenty-two and her first published work, is strikingly talented. It is also a very remarkable attempt to put sensibility at the service of growth instead of at the service of a self-pitying retreat.

In fiction as in life one of the marks of growth is, of course, activity. In the novel activity shows itself as drama; drama is the novelist's means of translating inner conflict into open conflict and of advancing its resolution, and it seems to me that the static quality of so much present-day fiction must be understood as a refusal of growth, as a willingness to rest in the conditions given at the start of the story. Especially in novels about childhood we see how little desire for maturity our authors cherish for their small protagonists; the books end with their little heroes and heroines retaining almost exactly the same status they had at the beginning: they are still troubled children. Nor does the fact that this passivity so often presents the face of revolt indicate more than lip-service to the idea of revolt; however much these children may employ the idiom of rebellion, they never rebel in the direction of growing up. If there was a time when the first novel of an ambitious writer was almost sure to be the novel of development, in our present period it is almost sure to be a novel of non-development.

This is not the case with Miss Athas's "The Weather of the Heart," any more than it was the case with Miss Bennett's novel or Miss Fenwick's. All these are novels of drama and attempt to effect resolutions. Although the main characters of Miss Atha's book are children when we first meet them, by the time we leave them not so many years later their personalities have been deeply grooved by their experience of the world. They have acted and been

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acted upon, and we know just what direction their adult lives must take. It is not a happy projection: Eliza Wall will be a dry, masochistic spinster; Hetty Wall will be a wan, semi-delinquent weakling (and how full of gracious possibility the two little sisters were on first appearance); yet the evolution is entirely logical! Claw Moreau, the young precipitating agent of the girls' miseries, will always be edging criminality; Monty, the "nice" boy of the early years, will be a mild horror of concealed meanness. It is decidedly not a happy picture, and Miss Athas is not made happy by it. But it is the inevitable development from the conditions given at the start of the story. However much Miss Athas may deplore the fate that awaits her characters in maturity, she at least allows them to achieve it. She is willing, as author, to accept this maturity and the responsibility for it.

And the fierce freedom of Miss Athas's imagination is, I think, the reward of this maturity. There is a great deal of fantasy in all our literature of sensibility; but it is narcissistic fantasy, very undaring because it never dares to move beyond the range of the writer's self-love. The quality of Miss Athas's fantasy is almost frighteningly unhampered. On the one hand, Miss Athas can generate her largest dramatic conflicts out of something so apparently trivial as the murder of a pet canary. On the other hand, she can match Faulkner in the imagination of aberrant human behavior. Her story is set in Maine, and even her descriptions of the landscape and weather communicate a new bold experience. There is only a single motive or perception in "The Weather of the Heart" that seems to me to have been formed unfreely—the statement of the source of Eliza Wall's sexual fears: here alone Miss Athas works by rote, looking to the textbook rather than to the image in her own mind.

The circumstances surrounding the publication of "The Weather of the Heart" are unfortunate. The book has a singularly ugly jacket. More important, it is promoted by a blurb from Betty Smith of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" fame, which can only mean that its publishers fail to make the necessary discriminations. A writer with no literary reputation or connections, a writer, moreover, who fails to give the reassuring signs of literacy in her text—references to Joyce and Kafka, preferably—has a hard enough time being taken seriously by the literary critics without being given so limp a send-off.

DIANA TRILLING

Films

JAMES AGEE

OF THE two films by Jean Vigo at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, "Zero de Conduite," which I commented on last week, seems to me all but unblemished inspiration, moving freely and surely in its own unprecedented world from start to finish, one of the few great movie poems. I admire "L'Atalante" less; it is only the best French movie since the best of René Clair. "Zero" seems to have been made, as all the best work has to be, from the inside out; "L'Atalante," on the whole, is put together from the outside inward. It is very good, spasmodically great poetry applied to pretty good prose; a great talent trying, I judge, to apply itself so far as it can stand to, conventionally and commercially.

The story, which Vigo adapted rather than invented, could almost be one of those pseudo-simple, sophisticated-earthy things which several French moviemakers handle gracefully, to the delight of cultivated Americans who will despise Vigo's work; the sex life of a jealous barge captain and his restive peasant bride; the crawling of the claustrophobic, ironically christened barge along the Seine; a couple of weird flirtations; estrangement; reunion. But Vigo's treatment shows up the French movie "classics" of this sort for the genteel literary exercises they really are. The old familiar "civilized," "Gallic" smirk is strictly outlawed: these are horribly serious, instinctual, brainless people, presented with a naked directness that is beyond patronage or gentle laughter up the sleeve, beyond even any particular show of sympathy. The "atmospheres" which in later films of this sort are sketched in so prettily are not pretty here but gravely monumental, and all-pervasive. The ordinary clever use of props in French films is here no tender exhibition of naive trinkets before the comfortable but a solid drench of inanimate objects, passionately, all but mystically, respected for what they are, and mean to their owners.

At its best "L'Atalante" is sensuously much richer and more beautiful than "Zero"—in spite of the somewhat damaged prints it is clear that Boris Kaufman's camera work in both films should have an article to itself—and once in a while the picture breaks free into Vigo's half mad, strangely majestic kind of poetry. The bridal procession from church to barge, which opens the film, is a great passage, forlorn, pitiful, cruelly funny, and freezingly sinister; Dita Parlo (the bride) is the fullest embodiment of sub-articulate sex that I

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have seen; the trinket salesman with whom she flirts is an astonishing cross-breed of slapstick with a kind of jail-bird Ariel; and Michel Simon, as a prehistorical old man, is even more wonderfully realized as a poetic figure, a twentieth-century Caliban. Vigo was a more experienced director by the time he made "L'Atalante," and the picture shows gifts fully as great as those shown in "Zero de Conduite." But for all its quality "L'Atalante" suggests the strugglings of a maniac in a strait-jacket; whereas in "Zero" he moves freely, and it turns out that he is dangerous only to all in the world that most needs destroying.

It is clear that Vigo picked up a good deal from German films of the early twenties, from Clair and Chaplin, and from the whole creative brew of the Paris of his time. On a foggy day, indeed, or with a prejudiced eye, it would be possible to confuse his work with the general sad run of avant-garde movie work, as several reviewers, including some whom I ordinarily respect, have done. But Vigo was no more a conventional avant-gardist than he was a Hollywood pimp; he was one of the very few real originals who have ever worked on film. Nobody has approached his adroitness in handling reality, consciousness, and time on film (in "Zero"); or has excelled his vivid communication of the animal emotions, the senses, the inanimate world, and their interplay (in "L'Atalante"); nor have I found, except in the best work of the few masters, a flexibility, richness, and purity of creative passion to equal his in both these films.

Here is the little I know about him. He was the son of a Basque revolutionist, and learned to walk in the prison in which, as Vigo put it, his father was suicided. Perhaps that helps explain why he never so much as tried to learn to put his best foot forward. He began his career as an artist in a photographer's studio in Nice. He became an assistant movie camera man, helped organize a film society, and made "A propos de Nice," which was, I gather, a short and extremely sardonic film, nominally in the "documentary" manner. In Paris he made "Zero de Conduite" in 1933 and "L'Atalante" in 1934. He planned several other films, including one about tennis (with Cochet) and one about the French penal colonies; but all arrangements for financing these schemes fell through. When Paris censors saw "Zero" they forbade its release; even at a press screening it caused a near-riot. He was luckier with the more conventional "L'Atalante." The miseries of dying, of tuberculosis, at the age of twenty-nine, with most of his abilities still unused, were exacerbated in Vigo by his knowledge that now that he was helpless to interfere, movie tradesmen were making little improvements on the picture.

Today, according to the Hollywood *Quarterly*, from which I got most of this information, both films are playing the French neighborhood theaters. It is not said whether they are popular.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

IN HIS Symphony in Three Movements (1945) Stravinsky uses ideas and methods reminiscent of those of "Le Sacre du printemps"—particularly the obsessive ostinato of rhythmic and melodic figures—in the creation of self-contained musical structures. It is the first movement that has the most attractive ideas, the greatest coherence in what a commentator calls Stravinsky's "additive construction," and a cumulative impact that adds up to tremendous power. But there are effective passages at the beginning and end of the second movement and in the finale, which ends with a frenetic crescendo like the conclusion of "Le Sacre." Impressive and even fascinating is the assured expertness with which the sounds are put together. And constantly I am aware of how those ostinatos invite the Balanchine choreography that I have seen complete Stravinsky's music like an additional line of counterpoint. Stravinsky's performance with the New York Philharmonic, issued by Columbia (Set 680; $4), has a characteristic and appropriate hard clarity which is carried into the recorded sound.

Ormandy's selection and arrangement and scoring of the material of Handel's Water Music that he has recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra for Columbia (Set X-279; $3) is different from Harty's in the old Columbia set. But more important is the fact that his performance is inferior to Harty's with the London Philharmonic, and is less well recorded. It is in fact amazing to find the sound of the old performance so clear and bright where the new one is so dull, muddy, and harsh.

The Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, which began its season in New York last September insufficiently rehearsed, returned to the City Center for its spring season in a state of exhaustion which made the opening performance of "Danses Concertantes" as agonizing for the spectator as it appeared to be for the dancers. One learned that a wreck on the New Haven had kept them in the Bridgeport station until four o'clock that morning; but this didn't account for the fatigue that continued evident the rest of the first week. The third week Danilova was out several days with a blister; the last week Tallchief left, Danilova was out again with a sinus attack, and Boris with an injured ankle. Even with the company intact there aren't enough first-rank dancers for all the parts that require them, or for alternation in those parts—so that one gets "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Ballet Imperial" with Magallanes in parts in which he is embarrassingly incapable of the brilliance they are intended to exhibit; "Ballet Imperial" with Krassovska in a part which requires dazzling speed and sharpness that she lacks; Krassovska also as Danilova's alternate in "Night Shadow," in which she is incapable of Danilova's sustained intensity; Krassovska and Danielian as the inadequate alternates—without the wit and grandeur—of Danilova and Franklin in "Mozartiana"; Bliss in the Franklin part in "Rodeo," for which he hasn't the brilliance and personal force. And when things go wrong the company has no replacements: there was, last spring, more of Krassovska in place of Danilova; there were Tyven, coquettish but unimpassioned, in Tallchief's role in "Night Shadow," and Vida Brown, without Tallchief's sinister force, as the Fairy in "Le Baiser de la fée."

With luck—which I didn't always have—one got the occasional great performances of some of the greatest works in the present-day ballet repertory—"Le Baiser," "Danses Concertantes," "Mozartiana," "Night Shadow," "Le Bourgeois gentilhomme," "Coppellia," "The Nutcracker," "Rodeo." Without luck one got the less effective performances of these works and of other great works—"Ballet Imperial," "Concerto Barocco," "Serenade." If one was lucky one got, with these, at least a Danilova performance in "Swan Lake" or "Gaité parisienne" or "Raymonda"; if not, one got an evening without Danilova in anything at all. And with no luck one got, in addition, "The Bells" or "Snow Maiden" or "Comedia Balletica" or "Scheherazade" or "Le Spectre de la rose" with Danielian.

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As for the new ballets, with good luck one saw Antonia Cobos's little dance-suite, "Madroños," not all of it as good as the very funny opening scene and some of Miss Cobos's own amusingly light and sharp Spanish-style dancing at the premiere (what Krassovska did with it at later performances I didn't see). With poor luck one saw Valerie Bettis's "Virginia Sampler," a long and dull piece by a modern dancer unable, in working with more richly equipped ballet dancers, to transcend the limitations of her own vocabulary and of the ideas based on it. And one had to listen to a long piece of bad music by Leo Smit.

With all these possibilities for bad luck it wasn't surprising to see many seats empty that used to be filled. The way to fill them again is to give the public assurance that it can count on seeing the great works of the Monte Carlo repertory in well-rehearsed performances by dancers of the caliber these works require. And I might add my opinion that to achieve such performances the management will have to engage a conductor with at least the ability to start with the dancers (sometimes they had to make second starts), to set a tempo they can dance in (some of the tempos were brutal), and to maintain a tempo he has set—to say nothing of the ability to get an orchestra to play correctly.

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Letters to the Editors

Faith vs. Platitudes

Dear Sirs: I am both disappointed and alarmed by the signs of decadence and senility shown by *The Nation*. For what other interpretation can be given to the publication of the article A Faith to Live By, by Jacques Maritain? The publication of such an article in a liberal magazine could be justified only if it were the basis for a vigorous rebuttal. But to publish it unchallenged is like allowing oneself to be stabbed in the back. It is also a very grave symptom of a serious disease, which unless checked will destroy liberalism.

What has happened to the liberals? Are they so lethargic that they cannot smell the opiate that Maritain offers them? No wonder that the editor of the *Register*, a reactionary Catholic publication, sneers at *The Nation*, calling it a "self-styled leading liberal weekly." The *Register*, echoing Mr. Maritain, thinks that we liberals are tired, defeated, without faith in anything, and ready to fall into the arms of the Catholic church, which loves liberals so much that it has always strangled them. And is plotting to do more strangling.

"Faith in man is saved by faith in God," says Mr. Maritain. Anyone who takes this meaningless platitude for a gem of sober thinking should be sent to school again. Faith in what kind of God? In the God of the Catholic church, of course. What has faith in God brought to man? History has the answer, and it certainly is not flattering to God. Murder, hatred, poverty, exploitation, hunger, and injustice—that is what millions and millions of people who had plenty of faith in God have obtained for thousands of years. Yet Mr. Maritain has the unmitigated gall to ask us to have faith in God and thus solve all our problems. . . .

The Catholic church has condemned liberals and liberalism in clear and vigorous terms, and repeatedly demanded their extermination. Mr. Maritain himself stands indicted and condemned, for his church has officially stated that "a Catholic liberal is not a Catholic or a liberal." Psychology has a name for people who like to be humiliated.

Let Mr. Maritain peddle his quack cure for an ailing world to his own confused people. A real liberal has a faith he lives by. That faith is faith in himself and faith in man. Faith that science —when applied for the benefit of mankind—will give us security, peace, abundance, and happiness, something that "faith in God" has never given man.

J. M. MARTINEZ

Miami, June 27

The Virtues of Price-Fixing

Dear Sirs: Mr. Hutchison's discussion of "Fair Trade" for Whom? in his Everybody's Business of May 3 inclines me to give you some further facts about trade practices in the book field.

The old price-cutting methods played havoc with the distribution of books, and only with the stabilization of prices did the now widely accepted lines of cheap books appear. Readers seldom stop to think that they get most of their reading at a standardized price. Price cutting of newspapers is not permitted by the newspapers. The prices of magazines are held firmly, even for subscriptions. Only in books has there been indiscriminate price cutting.

If a 25-cent book, for example, could be sold at the next store for 19 cents, thus giving the price-cutting store a sort of cultural credit mark as well as a stream of new customers, other stores would promptly drop the line and concentrate on such things as magazines, which have their prices fixed. Only since we have had price standards has the big 25-cent market, now over 100,000,000 books a year, developed. The same standardization has made possible the success of 49-cent and dollar lines. The Modern Library was battered around at one time with prices down way below the production costs. Today it is a cultural asset in thousands of communities, because it is displayed and sold at a uniform price across the country.

The cost of new books will always depend on the cost of production, but publishers are prohibited undue increases by the nature of their business. In the first place, they are in competition, as no other industry is, with endowed institutions producing similar books—and producing them, it will be noted, at no lower prices than the commercial publishers. They produce merchandise, too, with full awareness that if the price is higher than the public wishes to pay, the public can get this same material without payment at a public library. This is highly desirable, but obviously it is a restraint on any undue price increases.

It is so easy to stir up the feeling that the price cutter is a great benefactor that it is worth noting that low-priced books have been made possible by price standardization and fair-trade laws. It is also worth noting that in every other book-producing country the natural expectation of the trade and the regular practice is that prices will be maintained. Only in this country has the opposite expectation been created.

At one time, some fifteen years ago, the English government investigated the question of whether the fair-trade price of books was to the detriment of the public. It came to the conclusion that maintained merchandise was less likely to have a wide margin of mark-up than lines not maintained.

FREDERIC C. MELCHER,
President, *Publishers' Weekly*

New York, June 17

Good Man Gone Wrong

Dear Sirs: As a former officer of the St. Louis Chapter of France Forever, which supported De Gaulle in the years following the fall of France, I should like to register my protest against De Gaulle's present high-handed attempt to override French democracy.

It was absolutely correct, I believe, for democratic forces in and out of France to press for recognition of De Gaulle when the American State Department and the British Foreign Office were snubbing him, just as it was sound patriotic policy for the French underground to give official adherence to his provisional government in opposition to the Pétain-Laval regime of ignominy and betrayal. This attitude was of course based also on the assumption that recognition of De Gaulle's official leadership would strengthen and unify French resistance, and thus hasten liberation. Events have proved that this assumption was correct.

Today, however, it is clear that De Gaulle has repudiated democracy, owing to his innate political and economic conservatism, his strongly reactionary background, and the pressure of big business, aggressive clericalism, and the Truman Doctrine. This possibility was in fact clearly foreseen by many supporters of De Gaulle in this country with whom I had the privilege of work-

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ing, as well as by underground leaders whose first allegiance was to the French people themselves and to the inherent democracy of France.

This in no way alters the reality of democracy's historic homage to De Gaulle at a time when he had the intelligence and courage to stand up for the French Republic against fascist aggression and its far-flung army of quislings, stool-pigeons, and highly-placed apologists in America and elsewhere.

J. KNOWLES ROBBINS

St. Louis, June 19

The Closed Frontiers

Dear Sirs: Your supplement on the Palestine problem seems to me on the whole well reasoned and fair. One section, however, seems wide open to challenge, that entitled Are There Other Countries to Which the Jews Can Migrate?

It seems to me an error in thinking to consider the immigration laws of the countries listed, including our own, any more final than the protests of the Arabs. Australia, Canada, the United States, and the rest have no more *moral* right than the Arabs to keep the Jews of Europe from their shores. True, they have the legal right, defined by the size of their armed forces. Australia has great areas in the interior which might profitably be developed. Canada has only a slightly larger population per square mile. And though the United States has a considerably denser population, we have Alaska, much of it virtually unsettled, whose development is vital to our national defense.

Unless we open such areas as these to immigration and development, it seems to me we cannot with clean hands demand of the Arabs that they move over and make room. Aesop's dog in the manger had nothing on us.

HELEN BUGBEE

Los Angeles, June 13

A Socialist Historian

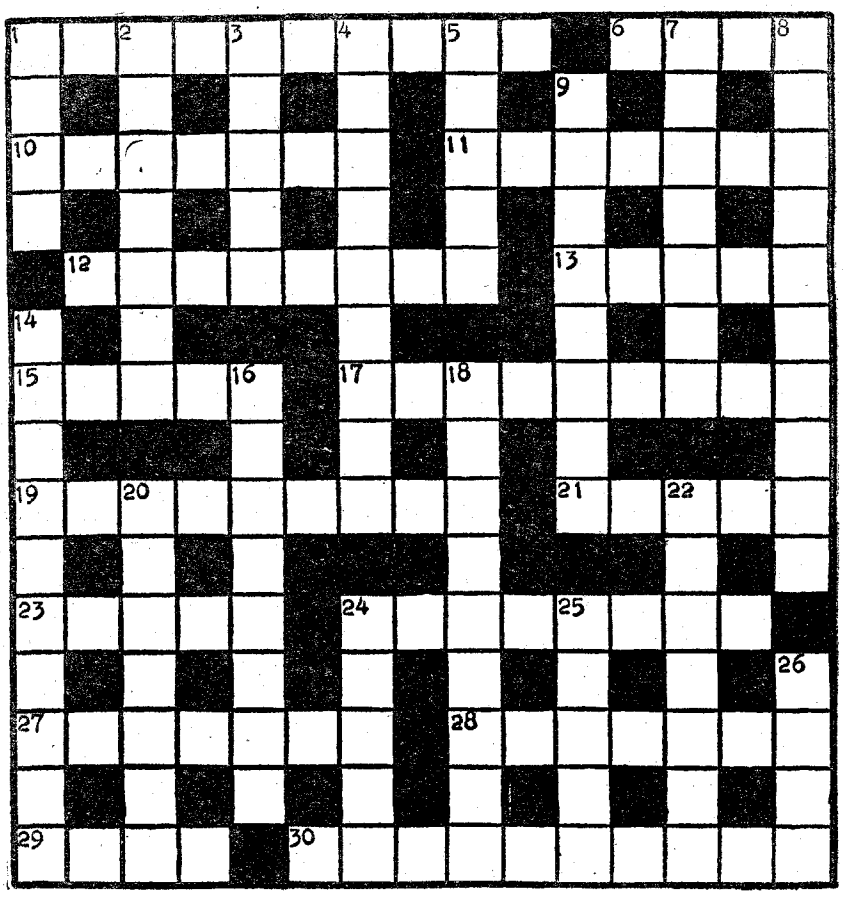
Dear Sirs: I am collecting material for a history of the Socialist Party and I hope that some of your readers may be of aid. I am especially interested in back files of old Socialist papers, convention proceedings, factional documents, party committee minutes, correspondence, and so on. I will return in the same condition any material lent. Readers who have such material can communicate with me at the University of Chicago, Faculty Exchange.

DANIEL BELL

Chicago, June 20

Crossword Puzzle No. 219

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 CL—the rest is on the other side of the page
6 Jug never found on the dining table
10 One of London's four tabloids
11 Fever latent in Crete
12 Richardson's heroine
13 Mr. Root
15 I leave Russia in a state of great confusion
17 Micawber-like
19 This guide to mariners is always at sea
21 "And ----- trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees"
23 Love game! That's the end
24 High-speed water installation where there's a lack?
27 One of our seaboards
28 Prickly pear? No, the pulpy kind
29 Firm relations
30 The one cent class?

DOWN

1 Used by descendants of mine
2 So clear should be the voices of the prophets
3 Cause of "blacking-out" in the stratosphere?
4 A key man may be needed in his industry
5 A center of attraction at the circus
7 I. Walker turns out to be hostile
8 That's telling
9 They give point to views of the countryside
14 Machines soporific to cattle
16 Had enough
18 I come in to displace a petitioner
20 Name of two Hollywood film actors
22 "- - - - - -," chorus the children, in *Hansel and Gretel* (3, 2, 2)
24 Does winceyette shrink? To a certain extent
25 Am mounted—with others
26 Committed, not to paper, but to memory

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 218

ACROSS:—1 CLOTHES; 5 SKYBLUE; 9 BOILING; 10 CULTURE; 11 ART; 13 LINNET; 15 PONDER; 16 DEWCLAW; 17 RODE; 19 AROW; 20 EASY CHAIR; 21 ROLL; 23 MOBY; 26 NOT EVER; 28 MAMMON; 29 ROSTER; 30 ISM; 32 ADAMANT; 33 AMERICA; 34 ENDLESS; 35 NOSTRUM.

DOWN:—1 COBBLER; 2 ORIONID; 3 HAIRED; 4 SAGA; 5 SECT; 6 YELLOW; 7 LAUNDER; 8 EYEBROW; 12 RICOCHETS; 14 TENSION; 15 PALAVER; 18 EEL; 19 ARM; 21 RUMMAGE; 22 LOMBARD; 24 OUTLIER; 25 YARDARM; 26 NONAGE; 27 ROWERS; 30 ITIS, 31 MAIN.

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